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The Sketch

No. 2174.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

"OH, GRAN'POP; HE REFUSES TO FLY LIKE A PARTRIDGE!"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".
TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

IN "BEASTIES" SKIRT AND BATHING-SUIT: MERLE OBERON.

Here is Miss Merle Oberon photographed in her scarlet bathing-suit with a "beastie"-dotted wrap-skirt. Her portrayal of Antonita, the dancer, in "The Private Life of Don Juan," now showing at the London Pavilion, is clever, and she looks very beautiful. She is now working on the part of Lady Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Leslie Howard as the elusive hero.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A NOBLE WORK OF NATURE.

In my bath, great thoughts sometimes come to me. Occasionally, sudden inspirations of deathless verse, rather of the "Kubla Khan" type, come floating to me through the steam. It is true that by the time I have finished dressing they have completely escaped my memory, and that is why you will not find me, I regret to say, in any anthology. It is also true that thoughts which, in the bath, do often lie too deep for tears, seem, after breakfast, to bear a curious and unsuspected resemblance to platitudes. It turns out, on further reflection, that these bright ideas have nearly always occurred to somebody else, generally Shakespeare. Thought is very disappointing in that way: just when you think you have made a discovery, you are almost certain to find that Shakespeare or some other unscrupulous person has got in ahead of you. However, it is no use getting discouraged about it; and there is no doubt that lofty meditation adds considerably to the pleasures of ablution. For one thing, it gives one an excuse for remaining submerged longer than one ought.

This morning in the bath my eye lit (curiously enough) upon a piece of soap. In this soap, palm oil is an important ingredient—an ingredient, I may add, to which schoolgirls owe almost entirely their perennial complexions. How remarkable, thought I, is modern commerce! The stuff of this soap was, but yesterday, growing upon some sea-girt isle in enchanted waters. The Southern Cross gleamed above it, and monkeys were playfully throwing it at each other. And, as if by a wave of the magic wand, here it is in my bath-room! This set me thinking on the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, and suddenly a Great Conundrum presented itself to me. What, I asked myself, is the most important member of the vegetable kingdom! I hope you follow the train of thought. If you don't—well, don't bother.

What is the most important member of the vegetable kingdom? It is a fascinating question. Some superficial thinkers would answer that it is wheat, which supplies man with his daily bread. Others would suggest grass, without which the numerous herbivorous animals could not minister, as they so obligingly do, to man's needs. I am of a wholly different opinion. In my considered judgment, and after giving anxious thought to the claims of potatoes, cabbages, and even spinach, the tomato is the most important member of the vegetable kingdom.

On the threshold, so to speak, of the tomato, we are met by an interesting problem. Is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable? I have propounded this question to all the scientists of my acquaintance, and none of them is able to give me a satisfactory answer. One of them gave the evasive opinion that the tomato was a fruit when raw and a vegetable when cooked. I forced him to admit that on this reasoning plums and apples were vegetables. Another, pressed in cross-examination, expressed the absurd view that a tomato was a vegetable because you always needed a little salt with it. I pointed out that a peach must be a vegetable because you always needed a little sugar with it. Science breaks down miserably on this question. My own view is that a tomato is a vegetable with unique, fruit-like qualities. You can eat it raw, which you cannot do with a cauliflower or a parsnip, unless you belong to a very peculiar dietetic sect. Raw, the tomato is as good as many a fruit—it is far better than an insipid fruit like the apricot. For myself, I would rather eat a fresh young tomato straight from the plant than any green or purple fig. The only objection to it is that it squirts all over your tie. But, then, look what an orange will do to you. And look at the number of people who have been half-blinded in trying to tear ill-cut portions of grape-fruit from their moorings.

CONFESSIONS TO THE PRESS: "Yes, my dear Sir; my favourite breakfast is a simple roll with a little margarine."

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

In popularity, the tomato stands higher than any other fruit or vegetable. I will not venture to guess how many tons of tomatoes are consumed in these islands every day, all the year round; I only know that I have never been to any place of popular resort without seeing tangible, and not always pleasing, evidence that tomatoes are a staple diet of Britons. The Roast Beef of Old England is not in it with the Tomatoes of Old England (which must be carefully distinguished from the Old Tomatoes of England, which are, however, very numerous, and generally to be found at the bottom of the barrow or even at the bottom of the bag).

This vegetable, or fruit, is well known to be rich in one of the vitamins—I forget whether it is A, B, or C, but at all events it is a very important one. For the amount of nutrition which it contains, it is extraordinarily cheap. It is the mainstay of motorists; what would wayside luncheons be without tomatoes? It makes one of the best soups known to man; it makes the only sauce fit for human consumption. Its gentle influence mitigates the horrors of many a stew or hash. It adapts itself very agreeably, if somewhat moistly, to sandwiches. It can be boiled, roasted, fried or stuffed. If the eggs are feeling a little weary, and if the sausages are out of season, it forms an admirable accompaniment to bacon. There is scarcely any use to which it cannot be put. It plays its part even in politics. As a means of expressing disagreement with a political opponent, a tomato which has outworn its usefulness is very effective, and less harshly dogmatic than an egg of venerable vintage, a bulky and unwieldy cabbage, or a deceased cat. And there are more uses for the tomato than are fully realised in this country. In America, tomato-juice, iced and somewhat sweetened, is commonly served as a prelude to a meal. This is an excellent practice, most appetising and health-giving—except when it is called a cocktail. There is a time and place for everything, and, much as I admire the tomato, I decline to confuse it with more robust products of the vegetable kingdom. Short of that, I place the tomato high among the works of nature, and, in proof of my words, will now go and pinch a couple from the pantry, as I need something strengthening after the mental strain of this contribution to philosophy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

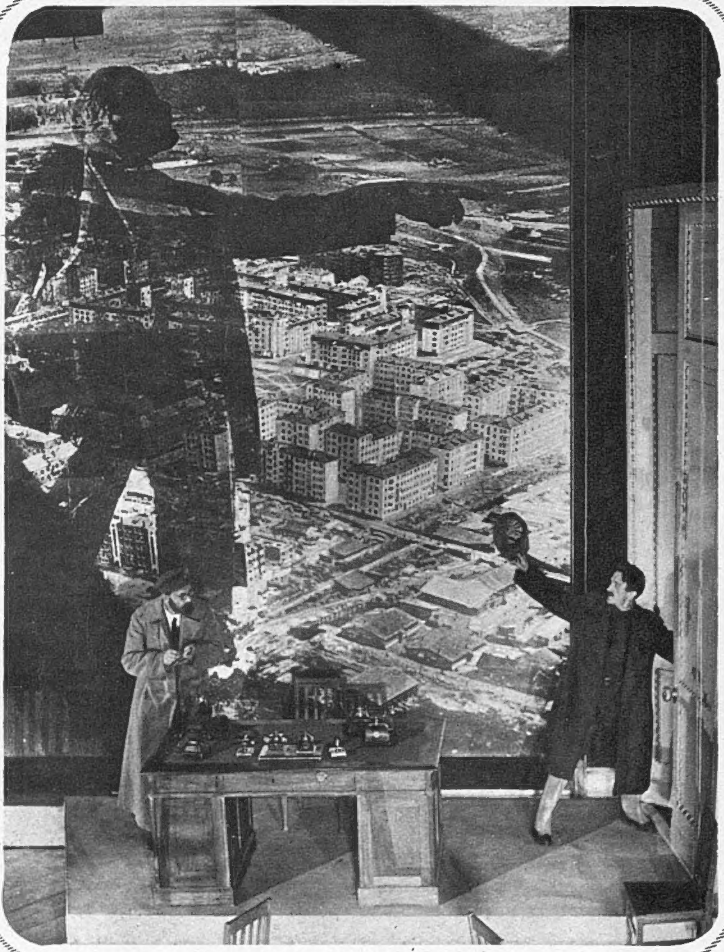
A CONVERSATION PIECE IN A KENTISH HOME.

This pleasant picture of the HON. MRS. MERVYN WINGFIELD and her little daughter, GRANIA SYBIL ENID, who was born in April of this year, was taken at their home, Stonepitts, Seal Chart, Kent. Mrs. Wingfield is the wife of Viscount Powerscourt's heir, whom she married in 1933, and is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Claude Beddington.

BETWEEN THE "LEFT" AND THE "RIGHT":

The Polovtsy Dance in Borodin's famous opera " PRINCE IGOR," as given at the Moscow Bolshoi Theatre.

PRINCE IGOR'S DEPARTURE from Poutivl, in the South of Russia, for his campaign against the Polovtsy.



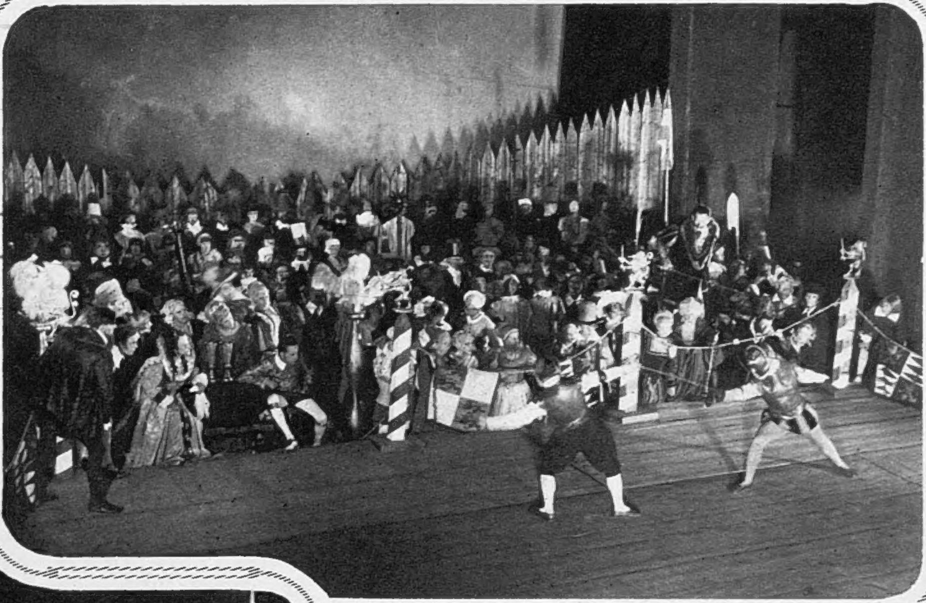
" MY FRIEND," by N. Pogodin, at the Theatre of the Revolution.

" INTERVENTION," a play by Slavin, produced at the Vakhtangov Theatre.

THE Moscow Theatre Festival, which took place from September 1 to 10, has attracted the attention of the whole world. Miss Marie Seton, in the "Theatre Arts Monthly," says: "To-day the best Soviet producers are achieving a nice balance

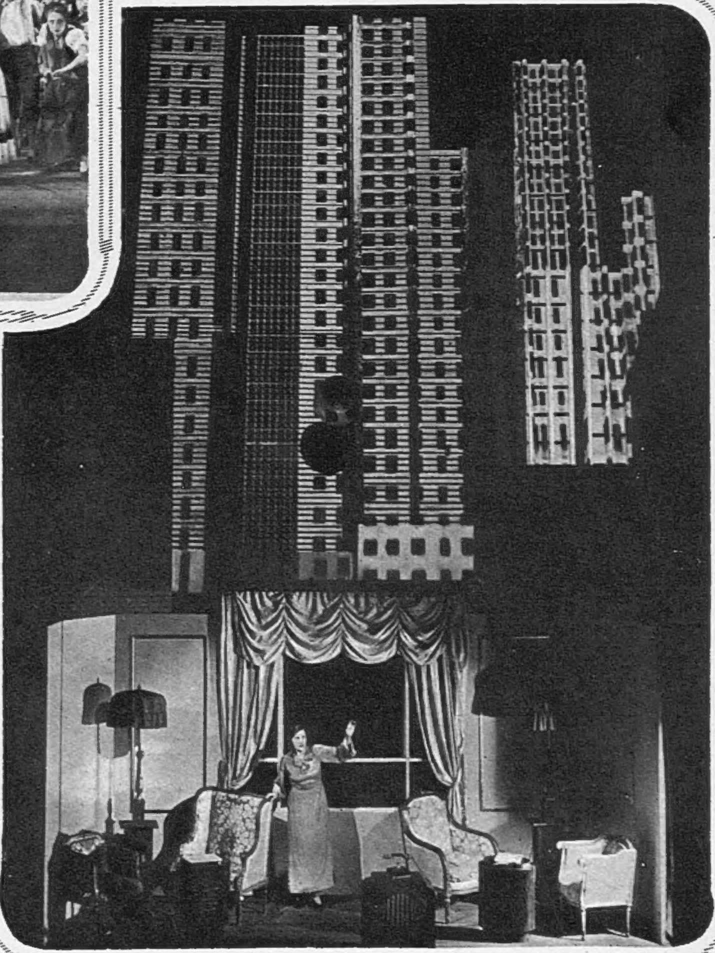
[Continued opposite.

MOSCOW THEATRE METHODS.



"HAMLET," as produced at the Vakhtangov Theatre.

A scene from "THE FLAMES OF PARIS," a new revolutionary ballet by B. Asafyev, at the Bolshoi Theatre.



A scene from "MACHINAL," given at the Kamerny Theatre. The play is the work of Sophie Treadwell.

A scene from "BABI," showing the arrival of the godfather. Baba denotes a peasant woman; babi is the plural.

Continued.]
between the extreme 'left' of pure political agitation and the extreme 'right' of the traditional pre-Revolutionary naturalism of the old Moscow Art Theatre. This is reflected most strikingly in the interpretation of the classics."

NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE IN HER SUSSEX HOME.

1. MISS MARY ELLIS *in the grounds of her delightful country home in Sussex. She is starred in the name-part of "Josephine," due for presentation at His Majesty's yesterday (Tuesday, September 25). Miss Ellis made a great hit as Frieda Hatzfeld in "Music in the Air," a play which had a long run.*
2. *Miss Mary Ellis outside her house in Sussex. It was converted from an old barn into its present eminently desirable condition.*
3. *Miss Mary Ellis, in a housewifely mood, looks at a large vegetable marrow.*
4. *Miss Mary Ellis feeling the fruit in her greenhouse to see if it is ripe.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

LOVELY LADY DALKEITH.

This is the latest and loveliest portrait of the Duke of Buccleuch's daughter-in-law. A daughter of the late Major William Frank Lascelles, she is related to Lord Harewood. Her marriage to the Earl of Dalkeith took place in 1921. She has a small son, Lord Eskdaill, and two little girls.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

TWO FINE BASS, weighing 7½ and 5½ lb., caught on float tackle and large slip of mackerel off the stone groyne at Seaford Head by Mr. Vernon Nind. There is good bass fishing to be had from boats at Seaford when conditions are favourable.

CRUSHING-CLAW OF AN 8-LB. LOBSTER caught on rod and line off Deal by Mr. J. Sherlock.

ALTHOUGH I cannot produce any figures to support the statement, I reckon that at least one million crabs, mostly very small, are landed by sea anglers to every lobster that is hauled up on rod and line. This may induce some infuriated angler to argue that, according to my figures, he should have had half-a-dozen lobsters during his summer holidays, but of course crabs are rather plentiful at some popular resorts. They must be attracted by the band—or is it the bathing costumes? Probably the latter, as they are inquisitive creatures. Certainly there are very few anglers who can boast that they have caught a lobster. I remember one instance of a competitor in a sea-fishing contest winning the first prize for the heaviest *fish* with a lobster, and no one protested. Mr. Frank W. Harrington informs me that he was fishing off Deal, with Mr. J. Sherlock and Mr. E. Stone, on Aug. 25. They had over fifteen score of fine whiting and dabs in eleven hours' fishing, and Mr. Sherlock capped the lot with a whacking great lobster weighing 8 lb. To give an idea of the size of the lobster's claws, Mr. Harrington kindly sent the photograph reproduced on this page.

When Lobsters Get Fidgety. Naturalists who have kept lobsters under observation declare that, as the time of the molt approaches, lobsters become restless and uneasy. No wonder, for it must be a nerve-racking and joint-aching business. Just fancy what it must feel like drawing all the flesh in that big claw through the small second joint, which is one-quarter the size. The day after it is hatched, the lobster starts its first molt, and has three more by the time it is five weeks old. As it grows, it continues to shed its armour at intervals—less frequently as it becomes older. Not satisfied with getting rid of the old shell, it throws off its œsophagus, stomach, and intestine at the same time. The claw shown in the photograph is the one the lobster uses for crushing the food which the other claw seizes. These claws can be amputated by the lobster at will if the need arises, and new claws will grow in due course. Another queer thing about this interesting animal is that it has two stomachs, with three teeth in between. The female lobster glues her eggs on to her abdomen, the number of eggs depending on the size of the lobster and ranging from a few thousands to 75,000. The heaviest lobster recorded was captured at Atlantic Highland in 1897, and is preserved in the American Museum of Natural History—it weighed 34 lb.

Monster Trout. While collecting trout ova this season for the Government hatcheries in Tasmania, the Commissioners found on the spawning beds at Lake Sorell two brown trout, weighing 23 lb. and 27 lb. respectively. The larger fish had already spawned, but the 23-pounder was stripped and yielded about 12,000 eggs. Both these huge trout were put back into Lake Sorell, and during the season before last a trout estimated to weigh 30 lb. was also handled by the stripping party. In addition to these specimens, another monster was seen a few years ago endeavouring to swallow a small duck. This may afford a clue to some bold angler as to the dressing and size of "fly" needed to lure these enormous trout.

Talking About Big Trout . . . Out in the Nevada Desert lies Pyramid Lake—the deepest, bluest, and clearest lake in the whole West. Hemmed in by volcanic mountains rising from the sagebrush plain, Pyramid Lake is only about thirty-seven miles from Reno, so it is not divorced from civilisation. There are cut-throat and black-spotted trout in the lake, and the record in recent years for the *smallest* trout is 1¼ lb. In 1931 the smallest trout caught weighed 6 lb. A prize is given each year by the Pyramid Lake Club for the smallest trout captured—the big ones are taken as a matter of course. A 10-lb. trout is reckoned on the small side, as the average run is between 10 lb. and 20 lb., with a sprinkling of bigger fish up to 50 lb. and more. The record is a 64-lb. cut-throat. An illustrated account of this extraordinary lake and its gargantuan trout appeared in the "Standard Oil Bulletin," June 1934.

This 7-LB. BREAM was foul-hooked in the dorsal fin by Mr. R. J. Moppett while he was fly-fishing on the River Erne, at Beleek, Co. Fermanagh. He had no idea what it was, and, from the way it pulled deep down in the pool, he thought it was a big eel. In the strong current, the bream strained the 3 x cast to the limit, and Mr. Moppett had some anxious moments before he succeeded in landing his fish. The most remarkable thing about this capture is the fact that it was the first bream that had been seen in the Erne for twenty years.

Greased Line Method of Fishing Scores in Chile. While on a trip around South America some months ago, my friend Mr. D. J. W. Edwardes met Mr. Michael S. McGoldrick, of Santiago, with whom I have corresponded for some years. Mr. McGoldrick is a very keen angler, and he took the opportunity of learning as much as he could from Mr. Edwardes about the greased line method of fishing, as he wanted to try it on the big rainbow trout. He also wrote to me for a copy of the latest book dealing with this modern type of fishing, of which the late Mr. A. H. E. Wood was a great exponent. After meeting Mr. Edwardes, Mr. McGoldrick went to Pucón and Villarica, and, fishing the greased line, he had the finest catch of his life. His total of fifteen fish, weighing 53½ lb., is pretty good, but four of these fish were less than 1 lb. each, and were only killed as they were injured. The remaining eleven weighed 49 lb., which gives an average weight per fish of 4½ lb. Mr. McGoldrick states that they were all beautiful small-headed rainbows, and, as they generally managed to take him into the fast-running current, he had some real thrills, particularly at Pucón, where the river runs at a great pace.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. Alexander Affleck, of Heaton, near Kelso, caught a brown trout of 8½ lb. in the Teviot above Heaton Mill. It is believed to be a record for the river. Mr. Affleck's father fished with Thomas Todd Stoddart, the famous Border angler.

In one week's fishing on the River Conway, Wales, an angler had eleven salmon, including three weighing 19 lb. each; seven sea trout, and three brown trout. All caught on fly in the Plas Madoc reach.

R. L. MARSTON.

SOUTH LAWN SLENDER, the Siamese, stretches out a velvet paw and would like to have a game.

They know they are beautiful, and pose admirably for the photographer.

These Siamese cats show that, in their hours of play, they can emulate star acrobats.

THE Siamese Cat Show opens to-day (September 26), and the cats shown in our pictures, which are the property of Mrs. Shimmin, of Cheltenham, will be among the exhibits. The quotation at the foot of the page is from a poem by Baudelaire, who, like so many great men, adored cats of every kind, and would certainly have worshipped the Siamese, with their wonderful blue eyes. Montaigne, the French philosopher, loved the feline race; and so did Joachim du Bellay, a sixteenth-century French poet, who wrote a charming lament when his cat, Bélaud, died. In it he says: "Béaud, dont la beauté fut telle Qu'elle est digne d'être immortelle," an opinion which most cat-lovers share about their own pets.

"LE CHAT SUBTIL ET DOUX, AMI DE LA MAISON."

THE PERENNIAL JOYS

1. *Full of enthusiasm for the game are MASTER RICHARD CHAPLIN, MISS MARY LAMPSON, daughter of Sir Miles Lampson, and MISS P. SERGISEN-BROOKE, daughter of General B. N. Sergisen-Brooke.*
2. *LORD ASHFIELD, the Transport magnate, and LORD GAINFORD, the former Postmaster-General and coal and iron magnate, are golfing at North Berwick.*
3. *Waiting to play at the first tee at North Berwick are MISS PRISCILLA PONSONBY, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Ponsonby, and MISS YORKE, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Royal.*
4. *FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF CAVAN with the DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.*
5. *MRS. JOAN GRENFELL, daughter of the late Lady Muriel and General H. M. Grenfell, and MISS BETTY RUMBOLD, who will shortly leave for Colombo, where her marriage to Mr. Andrew Atha will take place.*
6. *MRS. SOFER WHITBURN, the well-known race-horse owner, with LADY HILLINGDON and LADY DE TRAFFORD.*
7. *MRS. MICHAEL WARDELL looks slim and elegant driving. Behind her are the HON. MIRIAM PEASE and the HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON.*

OF NORTH BERWICK.

8. Attractive in blackberry-red knitted cardigan and cap was MISS JAN RICARDO, whose brother, Francis, recently won the Belgian championship.

9. Trousers for tennis at North Berwick! MISS PAM DEUCHAR wears a perfectly tailored grey flannel suit, and her guest, MISS JOYCE KIRK, is in dark blue.

10. LADY KNOLLYS is standing hatless, with STEPHEN, the starter.

11. MRS. BACHE HAY, one of North Berwick's most popular householders, wears an excellent hand-knitted jersey of horizontal stripes in pastel shades.

12. With "Cora's" sister, "DONKA"—MRS. LISLE LYSAGHT at N.B. Her Cairn, called after one of Vicki Baum's characters, is a very extra-special person, as the Prince of Wales's "Cora" was in the same litter. Lady Hawke bred them.

13. MRS. BERTIE DEUCHAR and her very handsome daughter, ZARA. They have had a full house at Inchdura, North Berwick, and entertained a large party for Musselburgh.

14. MISS AILEEN ALLEN, who came out last year, and her younger sister, JOCELYN, were snapped outside the Marine Hotel in neat coats and skirts. They are the daughters of the late Mr. Arthur Allen, the shipping magnate, and Mrs. Allen, of Upper Brook Street.

SCOTTISH ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

Sitting on a shooting-stick at Musselburgh is MISS PEGGY CUNNINGHAM, one of the most sporting girls in the Border Country. Her tweeds in gay checks came from Galashiels and were tailored in London.

(Left) MISS PRISCILLA GURNEY (right) and MISS KATHERINE KEYES. Miss Gurney's pale grey pancake hat caused much excitement as a fashion note. She also sported a velvet jacket and checked tweed skirt. Her father, Mr. Hugh Gurney, is British Minister in Copenhagen, and she has a youthful aunt in Lady Scone. Miss Keyes is one of the naval (not Nelson) Keyes family.

LORD HAIG and his sister ALEXANDRA were at Musselburgh together. She wore an amusing green suit which followed the prevailing Tyrolean fashion and a little three-cornered felt hat trimmed with scarlet feathers.

MISS CONSTANTIA RUMBOLD, daughter of Sir Horace Rumbold, went to Musselburgh with an orange feather in her felt hat and a mackintosh over her arm. She was trying to see the horses when snapped.

THE Argyllshire Gathering 's now acknowledged Beauty Queen among gatherings great or not so great. Its chief advantages, apart from the charm of certain chieftains involved, are scenic and climatic. The sun always shines. This time it shone so warmly on the field where we were watching a record pole-jump (at least three persons, including the judges, actually saw the jump) that Lady " Bella " Blunt-Mackenzie removed her hat, whereupon Miss Anne Macpherson-Grant and other Scottish belles did ditto.

" Bella " was wearing a scarf of eye-splitting brilliance, bought on her desert patrol. It dared to vie with colourful cohorts of Campbells, though Oban's unwritten law requires that a woman be neither heard (above the pipes) nor seen (in over-bright array), unless she wishes to incur the jealous displeasure of Magnificent West Highland Males—this is not a cattle catalogue—who preen or lean in vegetable dyes and " rugs to match their skirts," as a young lady from London observed so cleverly.

Among the young ladies from London were *chic* Miss Vera Selby, who was asked by a Glasgow reporter if she and Michael Crichton-Stuart are engaged, which amused them lots ; Lady Jane Fitzroy, who has an intellectual forehead and a postage-stamp camera ; Miss Dorothy Fane, with shining yellow hair ; Miss Pamela Knight, dark débutante ; Miss Rosamond Barnard, with Maclachlan of Maclachlan's party (their host's yellow kilt was excellent, also his mastery of the polka) ; Miss Pattie Bevis, and Miss Mollie Moore. The two last-named are respectively engaged to Richard Heriot-Maitland and Malcolm Brereton. Southern girls stood out at the balls, the cut of their hair and dresses having a fashionable similarity which registered. By day the Highland lassies were entirely delightful.

Importation Eve Foster, accompanied by Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was in their Colonel's party. As Lady Diana's understudy in " The Miracle," and as the Madonna on tour, her brittle beauty won applause. Mlle. Michelet, daughter of the Norwegian Minister in Rio, walked out shyly with Andrew Noble, Sir John's eligible diplomat heir, whom she is going to marry. Educated at an American school in China, she looks French and is going to live in Rome—very confusing to our one-track mind, which can keep track of Campbells, but not of capitals.

Lady Noble, who wore her emerald tiara at nights, occupied a key position in the Games Pavilion, while her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Montgomery, sat out sunning with Lady Graham. Several years of Rhodesia have hardly changed the former Isobel Sellar, but Lord (" Angus ") Graham has settled down into a plump family man. Talking of Lords—and who doesn't " love a lord " ?—the Baron Inverclyde was more evident as a fox-trotter than a reeler. His sister, Mrs. MacLean of Ardgour, brought her five little daughters, in checked tweed coats, to the Games — Anne, Margaret, Elizabeth, Heather, and Riona. Their attention was divided between a piping competition and photographers competing to take their family portraits.

Lord Scone, who talks with spontaneity, allying a modern mind with " ye olde worlde " courtesy, danced everything. His wife was one of the best-looking women night and day. Her type 's essentially Scottish ; fresh air, and not what 's most admired by undiscriminating Mayfair. They dined with the party assembled by Lady Massereene, as usual splendid in her favourite type of lamé dress and Russian headdress. She had Lord Carnegie on her left. His other neighbour was Miss Chris Jardine, who put four white camellias in her hair, but continued to look pleasantly healthy. Lady Georgina Hay was the liveliest, and Lady Sylvia Maitland the prettiest, at this long table. Sylvia sat next to Mr. Jock Whyte-

Melville Skeffington, the Massereene's only son. Rosy above his ruffles, J. W.-M. S. had discarded the yellow tam-'o-shanter he wore for the Games. Its curious billowing line was due to his having knitted it himself. On the other hand—or, rather, the other leg—no one could guess that the Captain of Dunstaffnage's beautiful stockings in diced green were self-knitted. He can beat the crofter experts whose wares were on show at the Highland Industries tent. Unfortunately, these picturesque peasants are lazy, and won't realise there 's an almost inexhaustible summer market if they 'll use long winter evenings to fulfil ideas and commissions from H.Q. in Edinburgh. The stock was limited, and many came away disappointed, or with one instead of the half-dozen presents they intended buying.

VARIEGATED VIGNETTES. Captain Pat Barclay, of the 42nd, the only handsome male in plus fours excepting Colonel Mellor, talking to Miss Pat Gilson-Watt, whose dimples are delicious rather than demure.

Mrs. Pelham-Clinton searching for Miss Alethea Talbot, who has an elusive quality and those slim ankles so rare in Scotland.

A crew of Nelsons with Mme. Paul Maze, their mother, mostly dressed Tyrolean. This had no effect on the scene, which was already overladen with clothes more astonishing than Messel has ever made up.

Even Major Alan McGregor-Whitton, whose faded bonnet and emphatic jacket are the high lights of Perth races, was overwhelmed by the Argyllshire lairds. He sat subdued, either listening to Lady Flavia Anderson (much *en beauté* since the baby) or winding wool for Miss Diana Gray - Cheape, whose sister Barbara and brother-in-law-to-be, Sandy Cuninghame, were our least self-conscious, most human engaged pair. They will marry at the end of October, when the bride has quite finished shooting partridges.

Major Ian Bullough and his young wife, seated side by side—his Brigade tie was an unusual note with the kilt. They have a new home and a new baby—the first.

(Right) Three pretty girls at Musselburgh were (left) MISS VIOLET MACLELLAN, débutante, in a plain green suit; (centre) MISS CATHERINE MAITLAND, whose brother, young Maitland of Dundrennan, had a gay coming-of-age the other day; and (right) MISS ELIZABETH VAUGHAN-LEE, who is doing the Scottish season very thoroughly and was at Oban.

Quite the smartest Musselburgh outfit was worn by MISS PAM DEUCHAR, whose tiny stitched green hat matched her green "mixture" suit. This was very well cut, with an array of pockets.

Miss Una Campbell of Inverneill, with her seventy-year-old Campbell sash of dazzling green on a deep blue dress.

Mrs. George Malcolm, wife of Sir Ian's heir, and Mrs. Robert Bingham, wife of the American Ambassador's son, looking sophisticatedly young-married.

Mrs. James, daughter of Mrs. Murray-Guthrie, "Queen" of Mull, looking un-*blasée*.

Mrs. O'Malley, who wrote "Peking Picnic," looking literary.

Pretty pictures were—Celia Campbell of Jura (winning name), Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton (winning teeth), Claudia Crichton-Stuart (divinely dark), Mrs. Jock Bruce (always the best-dressed woman), "Chips" MacLean, with his yellow velvet doublet and three-cornered face (grandson of the "veteran chieftain," Sir Fitzroy MacLean of Duart), Peggy Campbell-Preston, with her cloud of ash-blonde curls; Jessica Mann-Thomson, from the Lowlands; Rosemary, daughter of the Dudhope Campbells (a bud who will be charming "in bloom," as Jane Austen phrased it); Diana Lloyd and her sister-in-law, in brick tweed and grey flannel respectively; the Baird girls from Lennoxlove—so entirely different—Evelyn bright-complexioned and Hersey a clear cream; Elspeth Cook and Elizabeth Horne, escorted by Leslie brothers, one a military man; Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee, who had a good Aberdeenshire dance given for her; and the little Mackay sisters, daughters of the Ferrier Mackays, who spend half their lucky lives in Argyll and half in Florida—six months of each.

LADY STEWART-CLARK, very neat and pretty all in dark brown with a short-brimmed felt hat, is talking to MR. JAMES BARBER, who has successfully partnered her husband in several tennis tournaments this season. Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark was absent from Musselburgh, as he was playing in the Peeblesshire Tournament.

BALL HITS. Mrs. Douglas Ramsay, in silver, demonstrated that this is almost the only colour not killed by tartan. The Captain of Dunstaffnage demonstrated that, however wonderful he looks one year, he always manages to be more decorative and entertaining the next. The stewards gave us a good supper; safe champagne, and safer mulligatawny soup. Miss Mary Borthwick, the Edinburgh "beaut," got away with close-fitting cloth of gold. One of her partners was David Balfour, who managed to be funny in spite of a cold in the "heid."

MISS GWYNETH BUTLER and MR. PATRICK SCOTT. She was one of Les Débutantes in 1933. She is now one of the finest figure-skaters in the world and looked charming in dark green.

WHAT THEY WORE. MUSSELBURGH: TWO DAYS' SNAPS.

1. *LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND wore a very sporting-looking peaked cap.*
2. *These two ex-debs in macs are MISS MARGARET McKENZIE, of Dolphinton, wearing an amusing pill-box hat. She had a house-party for Ayr last week. MISS ELSPETH COOK'S all-white mac was cheerful.*
3. *On the steps of the Members' Stand. MISS ROSEMARY ROBERTSON, who came out in 1932, is one of the most popular ex-ex-debs. Her béret and mackintosh were suitable.*
4. *The MISSES JULIE and ROWENA DUTTON, daughters of the late Admiral Arthur Dutton, Lord Sherborne's brother. The elder sister wears a well-cut green suit, and a black fox over one shoulder.*
5. *MISS KITTY FULLERTON, Admiral Fullerton's very attractive daughter, wore a red oilskin over dark blue. Her pale blue felt was very becoming. She told her friends to back Goose Quill in the four o'clock, so was extra-popular.*
6. *MRS. MARSHALL, wife of Major Anthony Marshall, and her daughter, ANNE, drove from their home near Melrose, and were at Ayr later in the week, where they ran Cocklaw Dene with high hopes.*

7. *Two sisters and a sister-in-law:* MISS "CIS" GRAHAM, *who is Sir Herbert Maxwell's grand-daughter; her sister,* MRS. "JOHNNIE" MENZIES; *and* MRS. RAMSAY, *only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Menzies, of Kaimes, in Berwickshire. This trio are hunting mad.*

8. *A close-up of* LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, *who stayed with Lady Rosebery for the races. Her neat little hat was light grey. She is strikingly like her mother, Lady Titchfield.*

9. MISS PEG DEUCHAR, *the third pretty sister in a family noted for good looks, wore a large brown velvet pancake béret. She is just off to be finished in Florence, though already officially "out."*

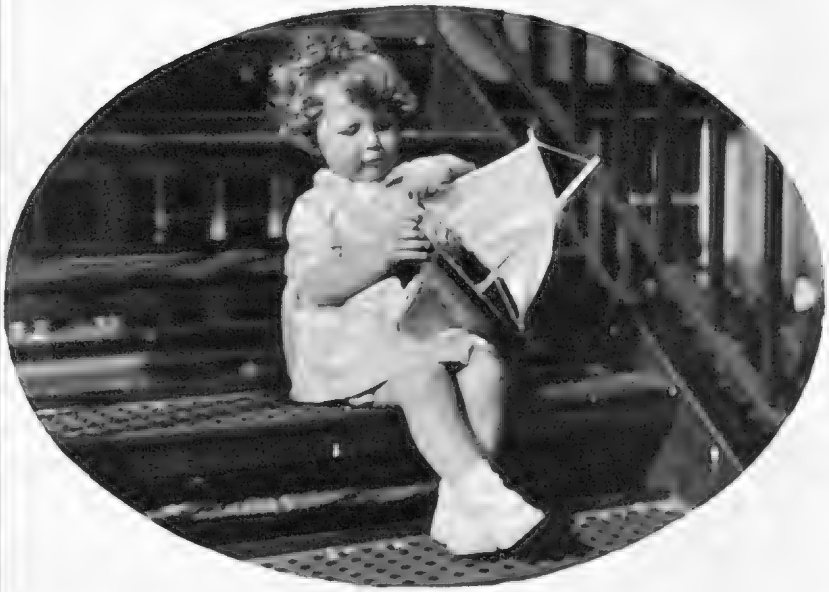
10. *In a white mackintosh by the Tote:* MISS URSULA HORLICK, *over from Grey Walls, Gullane, making her fortune, we hope!*

11. *In the paddock on the first day:* COLONEL The HON. ARTHUR *and* MRS. MURRAY, *who backed every winner, plus the Tote double, so wisely decided to stay away the second day!*

12. *Watching horses in the paddock:* LADY ROSEBERY, *a decorative figure in an enviable mink coat. She entertained a lunch-party in her private dining-room, and has Dalmeny House full.*

SOPWITH II.'s "ENDEAVOUR."

MASTER TOM SOPWITH, son of "Endeavour's" owner-helmsman and her timekeeper, rushes off to launch his own gaff-rigged "Endeavour."



"What about trying a Genoa jib?'

Nurse manœuvres the mains'l to prevent a false start.

Tom II. issues a challenge on his own.

TOM SOPWITH II. has made nearly as big a bid for fame in England as Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith over in America! Only he doesn't believe in the Bermudian rig apparently. He has his own views. Anyway, we predict a fair wind and good sailing weather for the little lad.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

PAUL TANQUERAY.

Miss Baba Beaton's engagement to Mr. Alec Hambro has just been announced, and the wedding—a quiet one—will probably take place at the end of October. Mr. Hambro is the son of Captain Angus Hambro, High Sheriff of Dorset, and is a nephew of Sir Eric Hambro. It is an act of supererogation, perhaps, to add that Miss Beaton is a sister of the well-known Society photographer, Mr. Cecil Beaton, and of Lady Smiley, and the younger daughter of Mr. Ernest Beaton. Our smaller photograph shows the youthful couple together.

THE HAMBRO — BABA BEATON ENGAGEMENT.

LENARE.

WEDDING SCENES CONVENTIONAL

The marriage of MISS SHEILA ROSS, youngest daughter of the late Brig.-General Sir Walter Ross of Cromarty and of Lady Ross, to LIEUT.-COLONEL HARRY MACDONALD, D.S.O., took place at St. Regulus' Church, Cromarty.

LIEUTENANT ERIC D. MICHELL, R.N., elder son of Sir Robert Michell, H.M. Ambassador to Chile, married MISS EILEEN STEEL, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steel, at St. Mary's Church, Weybridge.

(Right) A Kensington Gore wedding was that of MR. T. TROTTER, 60th Rifles, son of Colonel A. R. and Lady Edith Trotter, to MISS JOAN FISHER-ROWE.

A pretty bridal procession was that which took place after the marriage of MISS NANCY COLLISTER THREFALL and MR. JAMES MACLEOD BANNERMAN at Heversham School Church, Yorks.

MR. ROBERT C. PETRE, Scots Guards, son of Captain Charles and Mrs. Petre, of Odiham, Hants, was married to MISS MARY CHICHESTER, daughter of the late Major Claud Chichester and Mrs. Chichester, of Upton Grey, Basingstoke.

AND UNCONVENTIONAL.

The marriage of MR. JAMES ALLEN WHITAKER, son of Sir James and Lady Whitaker, to MISS B. GERTRUDE CLARKE, took place at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington. Both bride and bridegroom have the degrees of M.B. and B.S.

A pretty Oxford wedding was that of MISS FRANCES MALLETT, daughter of Sir Frederic Rowland and Lady Mallett, to MR. WILLIAM LAURIE LANG, the running Blue, at Christ Church Cathedral. The bride is placing lilies from her bouquet in the fountain in the quadrangle.

There were over 200 well-known guests at the wedding of MISS DIANA CRUDDAS, of MIDDLETON HALL, and MR. EUSTACE RENWICK, eldest son of Sir John Renwick, Bt., of Riverdale, Bellingham. The bride's father is Colonel B. Cruddas, D.S.O., M.P.

MR. C. G. LUMSDEN and MISS SYLVIA OGILVIE FORBES were married at the Brompton Oratory. The bridegroom is a son of the late Major C. B. Lumsden, H.L.I.

After her wedding at the Royal Chapel, Hampton Court: MRS. CYRIL WOODS (formerly Miss E. H. Scott) is here seen with her husband, MR. CYRIL WOODS. She is shaking hands with the little page and bridesmaid.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The PRINCE OF WALES returning to the Grand Hotel, Villa d'Este, after a trip on Lake Como, where he has been staying.

STRANGE to say, there were not quite so many celebrities as would have been expected at the first night of "Moonlight is Silver," at the Queen's Theatre. Douglas Fairbanks, jnr., and Gertrude Lawrence would between them certainly draw all the smart holiday-makers in town now, and their number is not as great as one would have imagined. This is doubtless due to the fine weather, which has kept back many people, either abroad or in the country, who would, in the ordinary way, be in London now. There was, however, a very fine display of furs in the audience, and the black velvet dress and huge ruffle worn by Gertrude Lawrence were very attractive. Lady Plunket, who was present, looked very sunburnt and fit, and wore a silver sequin dress with a fish-tail train. She came with Lord Plunket and some friends.

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Miss Diana Mainwaring was also there; she is still one of the world's workers, like so many smart society girls nowadays. Mrs. Charles Cartwright, like most of the well-dressed present, wore a fur cape—hers was made of white fox and was very large. Merle Oberon chose to come to the stage first-night instead of that of the film of "Nell Gwyn"; and Lady Charles Cavendish was very smart in black, with a black and white bow on one of her shoulders.

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The Leicester Square opening of "Nell Gwyn" was an extremely smart première; but, what with arc-lights in the foyer, and four huge roving ones in the theatre itself, it was a little dazzling, and rather difficult to see who was there. Miss Doris Zinkeisen looked extremely pretty, with two huge diamond solitaires in her ears under her fair hair. Anna Neagle, the heroine of the film, was dashing about in a belled and filmy dress of darkish blue, with a blue glass ornament fastening up her blonde locks. There was Mr. Gordon Selfridge, with his daughters, who had deserted the theatre for the "flicks" for the occasion, and in the Royal Circle sat Lady Bridget Poulett, in a figured chiffon frock. The general effect of brilliance was further increased by the fact that so many women wore sparkling gold and silver sequin dresses, to which ostrich-feather wraps made a good foil. The Arsenal football team was present, in honour of Anna Neagle, who is one of their supporters.

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There is a definitely flowery suggestion about the wedding arrangements of Miss Jasmine van de Weyer and Mr. Francis Basil Banbury on Oct. 5. There are three Rosemarys among the nine bridesmaids—Miss Rosemary Haslam, Miss Rosemary Balfour, and Miss Rosemary Bowes-Lyon—and they will all wear jasmine wreaths. The bridegroom is giving them blue earrings. Coloured earrings are rather a novel notion as a present for bridesmaids, aren't they? The wedding is to be a London one, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. The bride, whose train of white silk moiré is to be lined with tiny frills of blue, has chosen dresses of velvet with wide sleeves of blue chiffon for her bridesmaids. They will carry pink carnations and lilies-of-the-valley.

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When the Queen drove over recently to Edzell Castle to visit Lady Dalhousie, she saw the very charming house, with its pleasant gardens, still in its summer garb. It looks very different in the winter, when it is decidedly bleak in aspect. At that season, deer have been known to come down through the snow almost to the doors of the house, which, though it is called a castle, is a very unpretentious, though comfortable, house. Lord Dalhousie, who was host to the Queen, is a bachelor and a young one, and most eligible with his many estates!

Resting on their mattresses on the Lido are LADY DUFFERIN (left), the DUKE OF LAVRINO, and MRS. DROGO MONTAGU.

Lady Jean Ramsay, his sister, loves Scotland, and only comes to London for a short time during the height of the summer. This summer I saw her very busy while here with a notebook and pencil, taking orders for tweeds and scarves made by the crofters, who work in their own cottages in the neighbourhood of her Scottish home. This was at an exhibition of their work held in London at Margaret Lady Glentanar's house, and, of all the holders and workers there, I thought she was the most energetic and most efficient saleswoman.

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Whilst one of the most interesting débutantes of this year, Miss Ursula Horlick, has been golfing at Gullane with her mother, Mrs. James Horlick, and her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, her father, Colonel Horlick, has been much further north at his shooting-box, where he has had a succession of parties. Lord and Lady Lisburne are staying not far away, and their daughters, Lady Gloria and Lady Honor Vaughan, have been out with the guns several times, though they do not shoot. Lady Honor shares many of the tastes of her sister (another débutante of this year), but is several years younger, and will not be seen about with her at social gatherings for another year or so.

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Another girl who is likely to make a sensation for her good looks when

The COUNTESS OF DUMFRIES at the Ayr Races in a mackintosh, like so many of those present. She is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dumfries, and married the Marquess of Bute's heir in 1932.

she comes out (though that will not be for some considerable time yet) is Mr. Geoffrey Howard's daughter. Mr. Howard is Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and has a marvellous home at Castle Howard, so his daughter's début will have a particularly good setting if he gives a dance there for her. Mr. Howard was in the house-party at Mulgrave Castle when the Princess Royal went over to launch a new lifeboat at Runwick, and stayed with Lord Normanby and his mother at the Castle.

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My spy from Venice sends me the following news : " Venice still continues to be the centre of social activities. Such a group of water-craft and celebrities have been seen hobnobbing in San Marco's basin for the past few days. Italy's grand Il Duce on his yacht, *Aurora* ; the British Admiral im Thurn, on the *London*, quite close to the Italian battleship *Alberico de Barbiano* ; and the famous *Elettra* near by, with both Marchese Marconi and his charming wife on board. *Sister Anne* arrived from Cannes with the world's best-known gaiety-monger, Elsa Maxwell, on board, guest of the yacht's owner, Daisy Fellowes ; and the *Sabrina*, leased recently by Mr. Benjamin Guinness for a Dalmatian cruise, with his daughter, Mrs. Drogo Montagu, Marchesa Maria Elena Strozzi, of Monaco, and Mr. Roger Frewen, of Cambridge, among his guests.

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" Mussolini came specially for the purpose of fulfilling a promise made to the late Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss to be present at the production of Mozart's 'Cosi Fan Tutte' by the Vienna State Opera, which was the great event of the Third International Musical Festival. Venice possesses a jewel in its opera house, the Fenice. Venice and Vienna, two unique cities, could not have clasped hands in more exquisite surroundings. The bewitching golden tracery and painted lunettes of tiers upon tiers of boxes were further ornamented by some of the world's most alluring women in their most attractive clothes.

" Mozart's opera was a perfect choice for such a setting, and was wonderfully directed by Clemens Krauss, with the Vienna Philharmonic responding to his baton. Between frenzied applause for the company, and for the Duce sitting in his darkened box, with Admiral im Thurn as a guest, the audience certainly had its fill of thrills ! The Duce further honoured the Vienna State Opera Company by giving a luncheon in its honour at the Excelsior Hotel, and he sanctified the waters of the Excelsior Beach by waving aside the cheering throng and hastening to take a twenty minutes' swim in the sea, while the guests cheerfully awaited his reappearance.

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" The Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia is still here ; so is Prince Alexis Mdivani, just returned from Biarritz polo with a broken nose, which, however, is getting on well, and has not daunted him from active racing in the Motor-Boat Contest of the Lagoons. His sister, Princess Nina Mdivani Huberich, and the Maharajah of Cooch Behar are in his party. Prince Alexis has just bought the lovely fourteenth-century Gothic palace of San Gregorio, more familiarly known as the Abbazia, one of the jewels of the old Venetian architects. It is directly opposite the Grand Hotel across the tiny canal from the Salute. Princess Alexis, according to the latest reports, is still in the South of Italy, and it is said that both she and her husband will spend October in Rome.

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" There were several parties in connection with the Musical Festival. The one given by Princess de Polignac in her palace was particularly successful. It was in honour of Igor Stravinsky, and musical celebrities flashed brilliantly among the many social notabilities. Countess Castelbarco, who was there, in a way belongs to both categories, as she is a daughter of Toscanini, the famous Italian conductor."

MARIEGOLD.

Taking advantage of the autumn sunshine, LADY BROUGHAM enjoys it in the Park with her little son.

MISS SONJA HENIE, the world champion ice-skater, preparing to try out the ice at the Imperial Skating Rink, Purley, where the season was opened last week.

MISS ANN TODD (Mrs. Victor Malcolm) as Diana Townsend in "No More Ladies," at Wyndham's Theatre. She is wearing one of the new slit evening dresses ; and sandals on bare feet.

The Old Vic opened its autumn season with a production of "Antony and Cleopatra." MISS MARY NEWCOMB scored a great success as the Egyptian Queen.

ATTRACTIONS AT AYR.

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1. *At a point of vantage in the Members' Enclosure, surveying the paddock during the Western Meeting at Ayr, was MISS JEAN BURNS. She is one of Ayrshire's beauties and a racing regular. She wore neat tweeds and a scarf under her mackintosh.*
2. *Consulting her card with a serious face is MISS NEFERTARI BETHELL, in a white mac and a scarlet hat. Beyond her are LORD INVERCLYDE and her mother, the HON. MRS. RICHARD BETHELL. They stayed with him for the meeting.*
3. *Three beauties thinking things out: MRS. WILLIAM FORBES (right), MRS. DAVID, and MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON (left), whose pretty, fair hair shone on a dull day. Mrs. William Forbes is the elder daughter of the Hon. Osbert Vesey, and her husband is the eldest son of Mrs. Forbes of Callander.*
4. *MISS SHELAGH MORRISON-BELL, the very good-looking, fair-haired daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Morrison-Bell. Her brownish tweeds were neat; and it was a day for serviceable clothes.*

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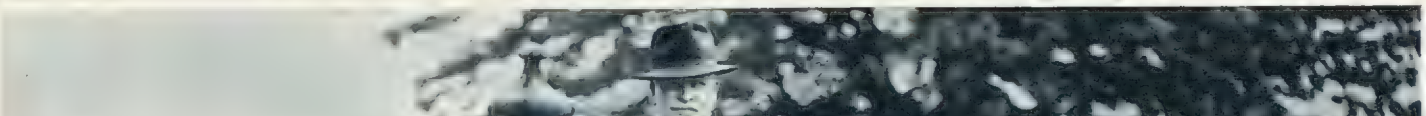
A charming study of the HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, daughter of Lord Belper by his first marriage, with her two half-brothers, the HON. PETER and the HON. DESMOND STRUTT, and their Cairn terriers.



LORD BELPER (centre) and LADY BELPER (extreme right), with their family and some guests. (Left to right): the HON. DESMOND STRUTT, PRINCE GHANASHYAMSINHJI OF LIMBDI, the HON. LAVINIA STRUTT (sitting on ground), PRINCESS GHANASHYAMSINHJI OF LIMBDI, and the HON. PETER STRUTT. Lord Belper married Miss Angela Tollemache, as his second wife, in 1923.

AT KINGSTON HALL, DERBY: LORD AND LADY BELPER'S PARTY.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. H. SCOTT PAINE—FOR ENABLING "MISS BRITAIN III." TO PROVE HOW FAST SHE IS BY BEATING FOUR SEA SPEED RECORDS.

MR. HUBERT SCOTT PAINE set up three new records for single-engined motor-boats at Venice the other day; at present, unofficially. He had a mean average of 177·185 kilometres per hour (about 111 m.p.h.) over the measured mile. Thus he broke the world speed record for salt water, the world single-engined boat record, the Italian sea mile record, and the European sea mile record. The late Sir Henry Segrave held these with a speed of 92·68 m.p.h. Mr. Scott Paine covered the outward mile at about 112 m.p.h. His Napier engine is five years old!

THIS HUMAN TARGET (the only volunteer)—FOR REALISING THAT WOMAN CAN THROW A STRAIGHT ROLLING-PIN AND SAFETY-SUITING HIMSELF ACCORDINGLY.

THE ROLLING-PIN CONTEST illustrated was held in Chicago. A human target was invited to come forward. There was but one volunteer—and he had been taught to be cautious! The photograph shows the finalists at work.

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT really must take care: we should not like to lose him, even if he thought he ought to go. Early in his portfolio-bearing career he was nearly run down. Now, when doing all he can to make the roads safe for pedestrians, he crosses while looking away from oncoming traffic!

MR. HORE-BELISHA—FOR FINDING A BELISHA BEACON SO GOOD FOR YOU THAT HE DID NOT MIND CROSSING THE ROAD WHILE LOOKING THE WRONG WAY!

MR. T. O. M. (THOMAS OCTAVE MURDOCH) SOPWITH, C.B.E., helmsman and owner of the *Endeavour*, took to the air much earlier than he took to the water in the big yacht sense. He was born in London in 1888; and in 1910 he received the R.A.C. Aviation Certificate No. 31. In the following year he won a number of flying competitions in America, and a year later he founded the Sopwith Aviation Company. He is the designer and constructor of all the famous Sopwith types. Further, he is Joint Managing-Director of the H. G. Hawker Engineering Company. He was Chairman of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, 1925-27.

IN the Junior Lawn-Tennis Championships of Great Britain, at Wimbledon, MASTER R. E. MULLIKEN (Buckinghamshire) won the Boys' Singles by beating Master G. W. O'Connor (Kent) by 6—1, 6—1. MISS D. ROWE (Buckinghamshire) won the Girls' Singles by beating Miss L. M. M. Platt (Hampshire) by 6—1, 6—3.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER JOHN BRIGHT, who was christened at old Chelsea Church the other day, is the son of Captain C. S. Bright, Royal Engineers.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER JOHN BRIGHT (here seen with his mother and father)—FOR BEING NAMED IN THE CHRISTENING ROBE WORN BY NAPOLEON III.

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH (here seen in pre-war days)—FOR THOSE EARLY ENDEAVOURS IN THE AIR WHICH MADE POSSIBLE HIS "AMERICA'S" CUP CHALLENGE WITH HIS YACHT "ENDEAVOUR."

MASTER ROBERT E. MULLIKEN and MISS DAPHNE ROWE—FOR PUTTING MORE BUCK INTO BUCKINGHAMSHIRE BY WINNING THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' LAWN-TENNIS SINGLES.

"CONVERSATION PIECE"

—in colour

Why should not your telephone at home dress the part? Unlike its black-coated brothers in the city, its calling is mainly social. Its presence in the decorative surroundings of boudoir and drawing-room is nowadays indispensable. The G.P.O. can now provide the graceful "handmicrophone" instrument in fine colours, Chinese red, jade green, or ivory white. The dial is chromium plated and the flex is silk-covered in grey. Ring up your exchange and ask for particulars and cost.

A CAMP-FIRE CONCERT IN A BIG GAME RESERVE: A THRILL

Such a camp-fire concert as this—held in the heart of a game reserve—is probably unique. The scene is the Kruger National Park, in the Low Veld of the Eastern Transvaal, the largest natural game reserve in the world, roughly the size of Belgium! Roads and rest-camps intersect this Park, which thousands of people visit every year during the South African winter months, from June to October. During the summer months, from November to May, the Park is closed. Each winter the South African Railways Administration runs a series of special excursion trips, called "Round-in-Nine Tours," which cover the lovely Northern Transvaal country, a journey through the heart of the Game Reserve, a visit to Lourenço Marques, and a return journey to Johannesburg. Run as travelling hotels, the trains are equipped with the fullest arrangements for nine-days' travellers. A high spot is the visit to the Kruger National Park, where the tourists,

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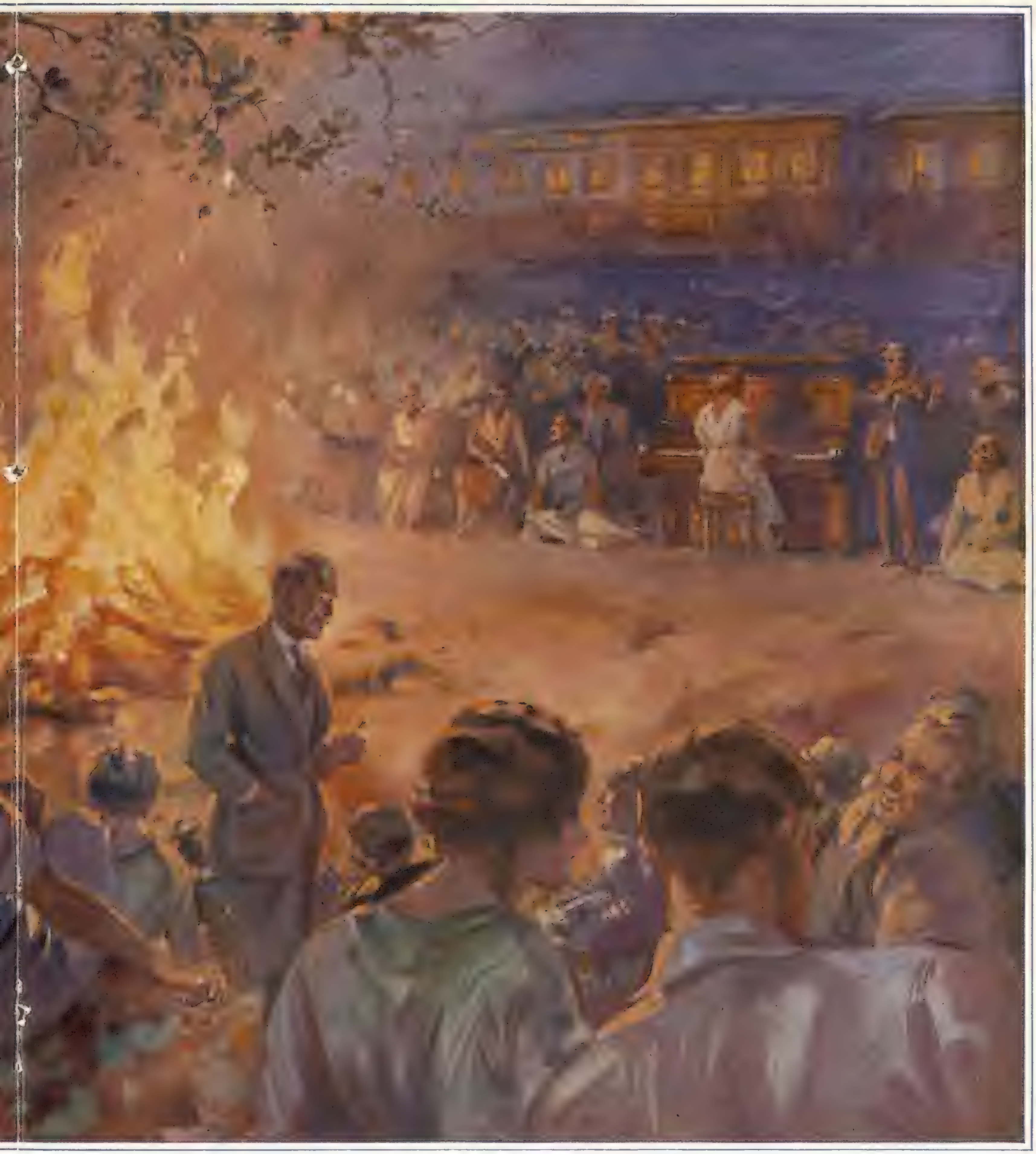
FROM THE PICTURE BY C.



RILL FOR "ROUND-IN-NINE" TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

under the guidance of trained rangers, go out into the Bush to see the animals, which vary from the smallest antelope to the lordly lion. The camp-fire concert is a most exciting occasion. The train halts in the depths of the Reserve, a huge bonfire is lighted, and the Bush resounds to musical items played on a piano and other instruments, and to community singing. Truly a most romantic and thrilling scene for visitors, when they realise that all around them, in the darkness, the primeval Bush teems with wild life in its ancient haunts—a piquant contrast between modern civilisation and the animal kingdom. These are some of the unusual delights of travel in South Africa which have made that country so popular lately. Any of our readers who are interested may obtain reliable information from the Director, Union Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

RE' BY C. E. TURNER.

KESTOS

BRASSIÈRE & CORSETRY

Behold the Kestos Brassière and Girdles — engagingly naïve and inconsequential in appearance— yet these lovely little garments exert a complete mastery over unruly curves, imparting youthful charm and elegance.

The Kestos Brassière is available in seven sizes at various prices, and there is a wide selection of models in the Kestos range of corsetry. Sold everywhere.

Catalogue on request.

KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Wholesale only.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTTENBERG, LTD.

SCULPTURESQUE "STREAMLINE": TILLY LOSCH IN "HARMONIA MOBILIS."

Some classical dancing is introduced into "Streamline," besides the amusing and speedy. This plastic picture of Miss Tilly Losch shows her in "Harmonia Mobilis," a dance she executes to the music of Rameau.

"STREAMLINE" — WITH SPEED AND BEAUTY:

1

2

1. *KYRA NIJINSKY AND CORPS DE BALLET, in the breathless finale, "FASTER! FASTER!", a speed-dance before a streamline setting, whirling madly to a rushing tune by Vivian Ellis.*
2. *"THE LETTER"—with TILLY LOSCH as The Maiden and CHARLES HESLOP as The Postman—is an exquisite item, danced to Offenbach music.*
3. *"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON" is a witty travesty of Hollywood's distortion of history. TILLY LOSCH plays Josephine to NAUNTON WAYNE'S Napoleon.*
4. *MEG LEMONNIER is the leader of MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES in this lively episode, "PINK KNICKERS," by A. P. H., by courtesy of "Punch."*
5. *5, 6, 7. LA JANA, graceful and lithe, in a Spanish episode, "LA FEMME ET LE PANTIN," with music by Granados—and three stages of dress. The part of The Man is played by GERALD NODIN, and An Old Woman by ANNABEL GIBSON. These photographs of La Jana are extraordinarily reminiscent of the Spanish pictures by Mr. Russell Flint, R.A.*
8. *JACK HOLLAND and JUNE HART, in THE CABARET, giving a graceful whirlwind dance which brings down the house.*
9. *Four of the WITTY DRESSES IN "STREAMLINE" designed by Cecil Beaton. The under-chin touch is worth noting.*
10. *FLORENCE DESMOND with ESMOND KNIGHT in "NOWHERE TO GO," a scene in a park.*
11. *"A NEW RECORD," one of the biggest laughs in the revue, shows FLORENCE DESMOND as a British airwoman at the "Mike," broadcasting her achievement as the first British mother to fly with her baby to the Pole.*

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY

DUE AT THE PALACE THEATRE ON FRIDAY.

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GUTTENBERG.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. J. DRINKWATER'S semi-Biblical play, "A MAN'S HOUSE," which was received with respectful enthusiasm at the New Theatre, has, above all, the quality of dignity, and that despite the modern colloquial language which is characteristic of its dialogue. It narrates how the spell of "the Nazarene" acts upon a prosperous middle-class Jewish household. The father and the son look upon Christ as a rebel, but the younger daughter falls deeply in love with a young disciple of the new ideas, and the elder, miraculously

In "A MAN'S HOUSE," at the New Theatre, Esther (JOYCE BLAND), Salathiel's daughter, regains her sight and her temper.

cured of blindness, loses her heart to a centurion who had saved a young adept from the galleys. Finally, the whole family is broken up; the young, according to the old law, leave father and home, whereas the son busies himself with the financial consolidation of the old firm, glad to be rid of these modern infidels. Mr. Drinkwater weaves this slender action into natural, now poetic now dramatic dialogue, and every character in the first two acts has a distinct, more or less fanatic, individuality. The drama reaches its climax in the wonderfully touching scene where Esther, beautifully, tenderly acted by Miss Joyce Bland, regains her eyesight. It was the thrill of the evening. But in the third act the endless leave-takings and protestations allow the action to run adrift. At the end we stand before a query—What does this all portend? Unless it means to demonstrate that "time changeth the old order of things." This act, already revised since Malvern, still wants revision. The acting was, on the whole, fairly inspired. Mr. Basil Radford was the typical autocratic yet loving Jewish father; Mr. Reginald Tate, the son, literally burst with fanatic fervour; Mr. Scott Sunderland was a philosophic, well-spoken wiseacre; Mr. Stanley Lathbury a caustic, humorous old "Yid" of the growling sort; and Miss Patricia Burke, daughter of the renowned singer Marie Burke, showed that her mother's talent is her promising heritage.

Rome addresses the Gentlemen of the Jewry in "A MAN'S HOUSE": The Centurion (LAIDMAN BROWNE) wants to know why the thoroughfare outside Salathiel's house should be so congested. Salathiel does not know, and his son, Mathias (REGINALD TATE), does not care. THE SENTRY accepted the situation with calm.

Writing "EDEN END," which made its début at the charmingly renovated Duchess Theatre, Mr. J. B. Priestley attempted to be purely realistic. And as far as the dialogue is concerned, which flows in torrents or in monotony, the verisimilitude is complete. He tells this dulcified Magda story in a quiet English way. We feel the drabness of the doctor's household in the north of England; the boredom of the son; the idle yearnings of the unmarried daughter; the disappointment of the elder when she comes home, "fed up" with her profession, the stage; "fed up" with her husband, an actor fond of spirits; "fed up" with life generally and the bleak atmosphere that greets her. No wonder that she, the Magda of the family, renews an *amitié amoureuse* with the only available bachelor, whom her younger sister loves, and that the latter, to free him, asks the actor-husband to come back. All that is perfectly logical, interesting at moments, but it is terribly slow of motion, interspersed and halted by long, long speeches leading nowhere, by quarrels that merely damp the atmosphere, and by a protracted drunken scene that is more backchat and patter than dramatic. In fact, the theme was far too slender for the setting. Yet, if an independent outsider had kept a weather eye on the performance, the impression might have been quite different. It could have prevented the merits—which are considerable, for every character has a distinct mentality of his own—from being swamped by words. The actors did all they could for the play. Mr. Edward Irwin, the doctor head of the family, was thoroughly human; his two daughters, Miss Alison Leggatt and Miss Beatrix Lehmann, were sharply drawn in their various attitudes to life, although Miss Lehmann was, I thought, a little inaudible at times, and Miss Leggatt a trifle monotonous; Mr. Franklyn Bellamy, in a vacuous part, conveyed, as usual, the impression of a gentleman born and bred; Mr. Ralph Richardson was the "ac-tor" with a dash of the old school to perfection. Miss Nellie Bowman and Mr. John Teed were interesting collateral figures in the cast.

She came to the great rejuvenator of Harley Street a poor, withered, "finished" bit of jetsam from the streets, a regular "NIGHT HAWK" ghastly to behold. He promised her a second blooming on condition that she would forsake the old life for ever. The bargain was struck and the cure miraculous. Now, as we saw her in the second act at the Vaudeville, she was young, beautiful, alluring. She had more or less kept her word, severed from the procuress who was once her friend. She had fallen in love with the doctor, and when he had no use for her, she met and became infatuated with his young, weak, useless brother, who robbed the bank in which he was employed (although she did not know it) and wanted to marry her. So far the play was now dramatically, now melodramatically interesting—"excellent theatre," as the French say, with a human touch. But in the third act there came a rift in the lute. The doctor, in most pedantic language, most caddish behaviour, broke his professional secret and revealed the past of the ex-street-walker to his brother. That scene hurt our humanitarian feelings. It sounded wrong; it was like flinging a Christian to the lions. For the boy went his way, and the Night Hawk returned to the oldest profession. Mr. Roland Oliver, the American author, should have found a different solution. This one imperils the play, despite the most beautiful, most touching, most human performance of Miss Beatrix Thomson. Her metamorphosis from decay to rejuvenation was complete in aspect, in personality, and in inwardness. Mr. Martin Lewis played the doctor with professional dignity and repose; one felt sorry that so nice a man could lapse into such ignoble behaviour. Miss Eve Gray, of film repute, was simple and charming as the nurse who was her doctor's right hand (and won his heart); Mr. William Fox gave a sincere portrayal of the weaker brother; and Miss Maire O'Neill was inimitably Irish as a patient who from a drunkard was transformed into a hoity-toity lady.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE new German film at the Academy Cinema brings back to the screen one of the greatest figures of the silent era, Dr. Mabuse. The picture comes from the Nero studios, and was the last one made by Fritz Lang before his exile. In itself a terrific thriller, drama surrounds this "DR. MABUSE" (actually the title reads "The Will of Dr. Mabuse"), for the negative had to be smuggled out of Germany, where it was forbidden, with secret agents hot on its trail—an exciting adventure for an exciting strip of celluloid. Mabuse, genius, hypnotist, and criminal madman, figures in Thea von Harbou's story as the inmate of a lunatic asylum, closely observed by a famous Professor. Mabuse dies, yet his influence lives on, blazing a path of spectacular crime across the city. Whose is the master-mind behind the reign of terrorism? Our old friend Chief of Police Lohmann, of Fritz Lang's "M," once again genially portrayed by Otto Wernicke, finds the solution—which I will not divulge—after the ramifications of a sensational plot converge into a midnight chase than which nothing could be more thrilling. Mr. Lang pursues his customary methods in building up this super detective story. A gradual and elaborate piecing together of the puzzle, and then a sweep of action that carries all before it. He achieves thereby an atmosphere of cumulative suspense and a masterly suggestion of an uncanny power at work that stretches the tension to the full throughout a long and powerful picture.

When a poor little rich girl wants to become the Perfect Wife for a penniless young man, the obvious thing to do is to run away and enter domestic service, especially if she happens to be Janet Gaynor. So here she is in "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" (Capitol), once again the ideal Cinderella amongst the pots and pans, with Lew Ayres as an inventive chauffeur to pair off with, and Director Frank Lloyd to steer her adventures through comedy and romance. The picture is somewhat self-consciously whimsical at times, but rises to moments of genuine fun, particularly when Ned Sparks, as a lugubrious humorist, takes a hand in the game. Handsomely set in a Sweden where the language appears to be German (apart, of course, from American), the picture is carefully cast in a nice, clean, popular mould.

Prima donnas do have an exciting life! The heroine of "STINGAREE" (Rialto), a highly-coloured melodrama based on E. W. Hornung's famous stories, owed her triumphant career to Australia's Robin Hood, who won an audition for her at the revolver point, and, after a lapse of years, kidnapped her, a willing prisoner, from the Melbourne Opera House. Richard Dix goes gaily through this mixture of galloping Westerner, Australian Bush romance, and grand opera; but Irene Dunne, though she uses a pleasant singing voice effectively, seems slightly nonplussed — as well she might be—by her hectic history.

Royalty has ascended the throne again at the Leicester Square Theatre—aye, and majesty too, for Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Charles II. in "NELL GWYN," is every inch a king as well as pretty Nellie's lover. His superb performance dominates the historical romance. He gives it dignity, and, in some uncanny fashion, he brings to the tavern and the alcove the quality of a ruler and an echo of his pre-occupations. Outwardly amazingly like the portraits of the Merry Monarch, he subtly reveals the man's mentality. Anna Neagle romps through her part with unflagging zest. The characterisation offers little explanation for Nell's power over Charles beyond a pretty face, and Miss Neagle probes few depths; but she is lovely to look upon and bewitching in her dance. The piece is beautifully staged and fluently directed by Herbert Wilcox, whose forthright scheme even includes a "News Reel" glimpse of the Chelsea Pensioners to cap Nell's vision of a home for disabled warriors! As a production, it sticks to the popular pattern of the moment, but it has the advantage of Miles Malleson's racy dialogue, it is never dull, and has a humanity that culminates in the King's dying whisper, "Let not poor Nellie starve."

"EDEN END": Characteristic joke from a humorous journal of the period. Son-in-law (anxious to please old retainer): "I'm one of the family, too." Old Retainer (who is not to be deceived): "No, ye are nut!" Charles Appleby (RALPH RICHARDSON); Sarah (NELLIE BOWMAN).

"EDEN END," at the Duchess Theatre. From the Family Album 1912: Respectable General Practitioner and bird-fancier in the bosom of his family—(left to right) Stella Kirby (BEATRIX LEHMANN), an actress who should have stayed at home; Dr. Kirby (EDWARD IRWIN); Wilfred Kirby (JOHN TEED) home from "British West" and just back from the White Hart; Lilian Kirby (ALISON LEGGATT), the youngest sister, and jealous at that.

The charming little Curzon Cinema has inaugurated its interesting autumn season of outstanding Continental films with a light-hearted French comedy of the René Clair school, "THE SLUMP IS OVER!" This gay adventure of a company of stranded artists, with Albert Préjean at their head, who stage a gloriously optimistic revue in a disused theatre against terrific odds, has some noteworthy features about it, apart from being entertaining, tuneful, and delightfully effervescent. To begin with, it reflects that fine director, Robert Siodmak, in a holiday humour in sharp contrast to his memorable German drama, "Tempest," in which Emil Jannings gave one of his finest portrayals. Secondly, Siodmak, with his *flair* for talent, has discovered a potential star in Danielle Darrieux, who has youth, grace, and a lovely simplicity.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XX.

BOBBY HOWES AND AGAIN IN

" YES, MADAM?", with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes, is due to open at the London Hippodrome to-morrow, September 27. In true musical-comedy manner, a legacy of £80,000 is left to a hard-up young man, Bill, and a girl, Sally; but there is a snag! A clause in the will makes it a condition that the pair shall enter domestic service for two months in order that they may be able to handle servants and appreciate money. And—they must not get the sack, or they will forfeit the money, which will go to a third hard-up, Tony Tolliver, who is eager to pinch the lot! Our photograph shows the chief characters at THE KNUCKLEBONE CLUB, where Bill, the valet (Bobby Howes), has gone to retrieve some incriminating letters for his employer, Mr. Peabody.

Through the machinations of Tony Tolliver, Bill is Sir Charles Drake-Drake (ROBERT GREIG), recently BELMORE); Bill Quinton, chauffeur-valet (BOBBY Pansy Beresford (VERA PEARCE); Tony Tolliver WATSON; kneeling), button-manufacturer

Tony Tolliver, the "residuary legatee" and society young man (BILLY LEONARD), ingratiates himself with Miss Peabody (BERTHA BELMORE), in order to try and bring about the dismissal of Bill and Sally within the two months, so that he may inherit.

Sally (BINNIE HALE) and Bill (BOBBY HOWES) hang some bogus Peabody ancestors on the walls. Miss Peabody is a social climber and wants to give a good impression.

BINNIE HALE TOGETHER "YES, MADAM?"

accused of "lifting" the family silver. (Left to right): returned from Hollywood; Miss Peabody (BERTHA HOWES); Sally Ganthony, maid (BINNIE HALE); (BILLY LEONARD); and Mr. Peabody (WYLIE and employer of Sally and Bill.

Pansy (VERA PEARCE) and girls in a great hit: "THE GIRL THE SOLDIERS ALWAYS LEAVE BEHIND."

Bill and Sally find that a little love in between whiles makes domestic work seem lighter.

At the Knucklebone Club, Pansy, an opera singer and old flame of Mr. Peabody, teaches Bill something about "CZECHOSLOVAKIAN LOVE."

CARICATURING
THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S HAT!
ANNA NEAGLE AS NELL GWYN.

In the British and Dominions new film, "Nell Gwyn," at the Leicester Square Theatre, the title rôle is played by ANNA NEAGLE. She is here depicted in the costume she wears while caricaturing the dress and gestures of Charles II.'s French favourite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom she does not love. The latter, however, refuses to be deposed from Charles's favour without a fight. The battle ends in Nell's victory.

"ALWAYS PUT IT IN FRONT OF A MAN, BETTY"

THANK GOODNESS for a hearty appetite! The sort that comes from a morning's golf, when your one ambition is to blaze your trail through the good things of the table. An appetite like this makes you appreciate the fine flavour that Lea & Perrins gives to your food. This fine old sauce is really a highly concentrated essence of spices and other choice ingredients matured like a vintage wine. Wherever good food is served you will always find it. And when appetite is sadly lacking, Lea & Perrins helps you to eat with gusto and feel the better for it.

ENJOY LIFE AND GOOD LIVING WITH

Lea and Perrins Sauce

MATURED LIKE A GOOD WINE

M & C

GARBO IN A CHINESE SETTING FOR "THE PAINTED VEIL."

GRETA GARBO, in the part of Katherine in "The Painted Veil," pauses on an old stone bridge in one of the lavish sets constructed for the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture (now nearly finished), which is an adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel.

(Below) The CHINESE COOLIE tells Katherine (GRETA GARBO): "This is where Doctor Watson go dead." HERBERT MARSHALL, as Fane, is seen in the centre of the picture.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

Fine Jewels

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1. *In "Servants' Entrance," a film now showing at the Capitol, JANET GAYNOR plays Hedda Nilsson, a rich man's daughter who, fed up with the social round, becomes a "general." The locale is Sweden. Here is Hedda with a good deal of washing-up to do, and not feeling quite happy about it!*
2. *Hedda takes a header, but manages to save something from the ruins, even if it's only a pie!*
3. *Hedda ponders over the astonishing obstinacy displayed by a floor that wants scrubbing, and the wanton uselessness of her materials.*
4. *Her employer, Hjalmar Gnu (NED SPARKS), a gloomy comic-strip artist, is far from pleased with Hedda's efforts.*
5. *The art of pastry-making, though attacked with great vim, is not a success. Tears appear on the Gaynor cheeks and paste on the Gaynor arms.*
6. *Smiles on the Gaynor cheeks once more. It must be Hedda's afternoon out!*

"GENERAL" JANET GAYNOR IN "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE."

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Bell - shaped sleeves in black galliac, with a matching collar and scarf ends, on a ribbed duvetyn coat. The Russian cap and the barrel-shaped muff are of grey felt banded with broadtail. These models come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

JOHN EVERARD

BLOUSES BY DAY—JUMPERS BY NIGHT

Effective in its youthful simplicity, the blouze above would be an admirable companion for a classically tailored suit. It is made of white crêpe-de-Chine, hemstitched and embroidered with large black chenille spots. An imposing black velvet bow gives it an ingenuous air.

Black and red striped crêpe, patterned with a golden link design, is used for the evening jumper on the right at the head of this page. Wide frills take the place of sleeves, and it is gauged down the front. There is a bow at the back of the neck, and it fits snugly below the waist.

The floral satin bridge jumper seen on the right completes this trio from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W. There are two cut-out triangles between the cowl neck drapery and the tucked vest, and the very dramatic slit sleeves are held at the wrist by diamanté bracelets.

SCAIONI

Gutmann photo

Sportswear by **SMEDLEY.** *Obtainable from every good Dress House*

JOHN SMEDLEY LTD., MAKERS OF JAY UNDERWEAR, MATLOCK AND LONDON

SIMPLE FROCKS GLITTER WITH GILT AND SEQUINS

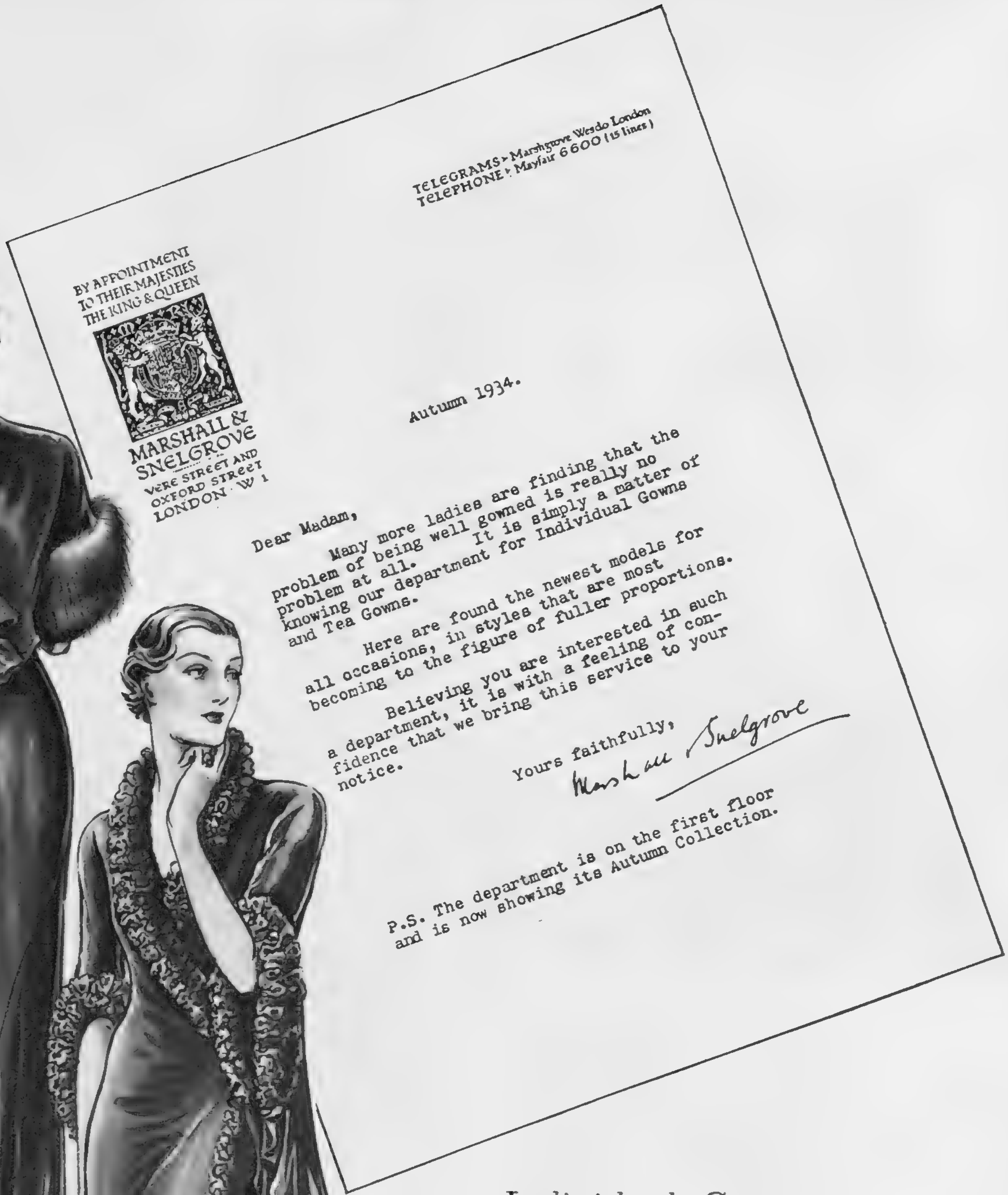
Clothes are no longer class-conscious. They simply refuse to be confined to certain categories, and so we find the simplest little frocks suddenly becoming very sophisticated in their accessories, or the most sporting of tweeds growing coy over velvet bows.

Photographed above is a black jumper suit that is demureness personified. It is made in a crêpe wool, and only its collar and cuffs betray its essentially frivolous character. These are of matt white sequins—very practical, as well as decorative—which act as a perfect background for a black ciré bow. Ideal for those who are small, it comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus.

Never have fabrics been as lovely as they are this year; and never have they sparkled so bravely with metal threads or cellophane. On the right is a cocktail dress which would be an asset to any woman. Made in navy silk interwoven with golden threads, it has a lightly draped boat-shaped neck, slit on either side at the back and front and ornamented with four gold clips.

The seven-eighths length tunic is particularly becoming. It wraps at the side front, and reveals a very narrow skirt discreetly slit on the opposite side. From Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, this attractive model would look excellent beneath a winter coat.

SCAIONI



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Autumn 1934.

Dear Madam,

Many more ladies are finding that the problem of being well gowned is really no problem at all. It is simply a matter of knowing our department for Individual Gowns and Tea Gowns.

Here are found the newest models for all occasions, in styles that are most becoming to the figure of fuller proportions.

Believing you are interested in such a department, it is with a feeling of confidence that we bring this service to your notice.

Yours faithfully,
Marshall & Snelgrove

P.S. The department is on the first floor and is now showing its Autumn Collection.

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VELVET . . .

'Denise'

Two-piece Semi-evening Gown, charmingly designed in soft velvet, with sleeveless underdress and complementary coatee, trimmed fur. In a large range of colours, including black. Priced at 7½ gns.

O.S. 21/- extra.

Sent on approval.

'Laurette'

Wrap-over Tea Gown, cut on long lines in good quality velvet, with ample wrap-over. Handsomely trimmed with frayed Taffetas ruching to tone. In all colours and black. Priced at 8½ gns.

Our Glove, Stocking and Shoe Week commences on Monday next. A catalogue of the offers will be sent free on request.

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VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1

LAMÉ AND VELVET SHARE EVENING HONOURS

Capes that are even more important than the frocks they accompany are an interesting feature of the evening mode. A model of this type is seen on the right. The dress is made in pervenche blue marocain with a spongy weave and is very simple, cut on lines that are ideal for the fuller figure. Sloping tucks shape it to the waist. The half-length cape slips over the head and is draped softly across the front. Made in façonné velvet, it has a mätt surface and the pile is cut in a lace-like design.

Lamé in all its guises is very much in the ascendancy at night. It is chosen on a chiffon ground for the youthful frock shown below. In a clear, soft green, patterned with white, gold, and copper poppies, it has a cross-over corsage, one end being carried right round the waist and fastened beneath the arm. The sleeves are composed of flared petals, very ethereal and lovely. These two models come from the Autumn Collection in the Model Gown Department at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge.

JOHN EVERARD

A dinner dress that could go to any party is seen immediately above. It is made of black cloqué marocain embroidered with silver flowers. The sleeves are formed of layers of tulle, and this gives a piquant transparency to the upper part of the frock, for it veils what would otherwise be an absolutely bare back. There is also a tulle ruffle which can be worn round the neck if one is not fortunate enough to own a cape of black broadtail and white fox like the one shown in our picture.

Rose-du-Barri lamé patterned with True Lovers' knots is used for the dress on the right. This has an asymmetric neckline, the soft folds held in place by a jewelled clasp, while the shoulder-straps are bordered with strass. It also has twin trains with a slit in the centre. The almost circular cape is of lamé appliquéd with huge circles of shirred velvet. Both these models come from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, whose Autumn Dress Show is being held each afternoon this week.

CAPES GO OUT AFTER DARK

THIS IS A FUR WINTER

This year fur is being used lavishly on every possible pretext. For all formal occasions fox reigns supreme. It is used for capes; it makes luxurious coat collars; and it even trims the hems of evening dresses. The lovely cape photographed above is made of white foxes, perfectly matched, and absolutely pure in colour. It frames the head flatteringly, and slopes gently at the back.

Black seal—an old favourite that has staged a triumphant come-back—is used for the coat on the left. The skins are beautifully soft and lustrous, and are much lighter and more pliable than they were in the old days. The generous collar is of silver fox. Made in London, whose market controls the world price of furs, these models represent the highest possible standard of fur craftsmanship.

A New Degree of perfection in Figure Control.

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"YOUTHLASTIC"

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ALL "LASTEX" YARN

"Le Gant"—made of "Youthlastic," controls and refines the figure with a new degree of perfection and the acme of ease and comfort — fits and feels like a "second skin" and . . . does not ride up on the figure.

SEAMLESS HIP CORSETRY achieves the slender lines of the Silhouette demanded by Fashion's latest decree. The Beautiful New "Le Gant" Seamless Hip Styles ensure the Fashionable Figure, are invisible under the closest fitting gown, take off those "extra inches," and banish all corset consciousness.

"Le Gant" Corselette, illustrated above - - - - **4 gns.**

"Le Gant" Step-in Belts, illustrated on right - - - from **65/-**

Ask the Corsetiere in your favourite shop to show you the delightful "Le Gant" Brassiere—the perfect complement to a "Le Gant" Belt. Models from 7/6 upwards.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

No one who wants to know what travelling in England was like at the end of the eighteenth century can do better than consult the Torrington Diaries. The Hon. John Byng, who inherited the title of Lord Torrington a fortnight before his death, was fond of making excursions, lasting a month or two, into the English countryside. As a rule he travelled on horseback, sometimes taking his wife with him, sometimes a friend. He kept a meticulous log of his journeys, seldom failing to record the state of the weather, the distance from place to place, and the time taken. He did not write with a view to publication, but simply for the "pleasure of re-perusal"—and I can only hope that he got as much pleasure from recalling his past exploits as I did. He is an ideal travelling companion, by turns critical, appreciative, enthusiastic, denunciatory: never indifferent or dull. He was a keen observer, and, although old houses and natural scenery are his chief interests, he felt a keen curiosity in the early manifestations of the Industrial Revolution. He underrated their importance, however; nor did he guess how they would change the face of the countryside and affect the speed with which his descendants would tear through it.

If my Journals should remain legible, [he writes in 1791], or be perused at the end of 200 years, there will, even then, be little curious in them relative to travell, or the people; Because our Island is now so Explored; our Roads, in general, are so fine; and our speed has reached the Summit.

A Captious Traveller. This note of satisfaction with his own age is uncommon, however, in the Diaries. As a rule Byng is inclined to be *laudator temporis acti*, especially in respect to architecture and manners. His taste inclines to the Gothic: old castles are his passion; the new Italianate style of building and park planning, with its predilection for straight lines, orderly clumps of trees, and distant views, excites his derision. Commenting on "the house and parkish grounds of Mr. Evelyn," Byng observes—

He, like all other modern planners, and according to that general taste now prevalent, must stock up hedges, and lay wide, and waste; and then these lawns ill suiting the business of farming, are obliged to be divided again by filthy rails, and hurdles.

Our ancestors were happy to ride from field to field, from wood to wood; but now all is to be lawn'd, to be clump'd: all to be seen at once! Surely modest nature should make but partial discoveries; to eager the eye, to indulge the imagination; and not start all her charms at one display.

Byng was an autocratic traveller; he expected the doors of any country house he wished to visit to be thrown open at his approach, and if they were not, he sometimes revenged himself by denigrating the building and all connected with it. At Sherborne Castle, Lord Macclesfield's seat, he was

refused admission, as his L'dship was at home. This is the second rebuff we have lately experienced and which, after a tedious sultry ride of sixteen miles, fretted us not a little: let people proclaim that their great houses are not to be viewed, and then travellers will not ride out of their way with false hopes. This appears to be a very ugly place, in a very ugly country, built in a moat, with turrets in the castle fashion, but with broad-sashed windows: and the whole appearance is melancholy and tasteless.

I wish I had space for further quotations from the diaries of this fascinating traveller, whose moods were as variable as the weather he encountered, and whose interests were as wide as the prospects he saw (and often disliked) from hall and hill-top—

(Prospects please me, but for an instant, for they fatigue my eyes and flurry my nerves, and I allways wish to find myself in the tranquil vale beneath.)

He was a man of many talents, and, besides writing the liveliest, raciest prose, he turned out very tolerable verses in the eighteenth-century manner, and made charming water-colour sketches, several of which are reproduced in the present volume. Two more, I am glad to say, are forthcoming before the series is complete. An excellent foreword by Mr. John Beresford, and an illuminating introduction by the editor, Mr. C. Bruyn Andrews, add greatly to our enjoyment of the book.

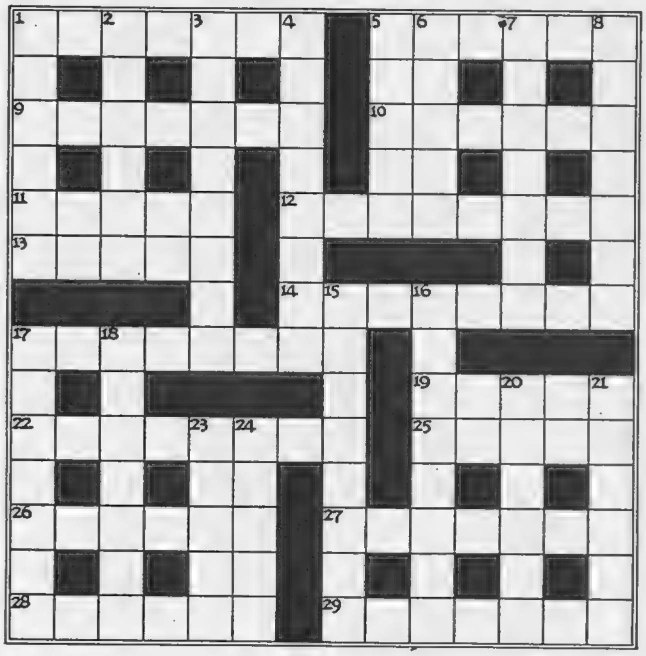
"Gertrude Jekyll." While on the subject of the English countryside, it is not out of place to mention Mr. Francis Jekyll's most interesting memoir of his aunt, Miss Gertrude Jekyll. It has been said that "no one except the Creator has done more to beautify the face of England than did Miss Jekyll." Skilled gardeners are in a better position to appreciate the truth of this than I am. I cannot remember having seen one of the multitudinous gardens which (till this memoir

[Continued on page xviii.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Result, perhaps to your credit, but the 'untsman would 'ardly credit it!
5. Occupy the mind—now that cricket 's over, with 'Arry's favourite lady cricketer!
9. A bath bun is in two words, as you will have in one.
10. Performed by the lips, yet it may be only a letter.
11. "East, west, home 's best"; but only according to one particular bird.
12. You can buy anything here, from something to 'ang yourself with, to a boxer who has suffered a reverse (if you 're old enough to remember him!).
13. Got up, of course; but, with nothing on, you might look back to see one, Sir!
14. Starts from a back street in Paris, and may still live there.
17. Why do these baseball players wear large caps? Because they had long ears when little!
19. If you take turns first, these hats might click.
22. A burglar might give you one, and thus give you the bird!
25. A common resort, but no place for Huncle!
26. Something for people to do: a bit more and a bit less than a fag-end, though.
27. Very rich, but there 's nothing there which can be borrowed.
28. The would-be sleeper is somewhat indisposed, so these hand out the dope.
29. A symbol of power which might 25 Across you, if you interchange two letters.



DOWN.

1. Growing more luxuriantly; but, then, he started at the bottom.
2. Stops, because it 's not properly rested.
3. Loose your grip, even though a near kinsman does begin it.
4. More funnier? That be d——d! The poor chap might be more spry, but he 's probably old.
5. Deck, otherwise dock.
6. Quite a jolly time, but a thing of no value and nothing more.
7. An architect may design it, but it tikes a mug to complete it!
8. Ye 'll no believe he was that kind of mon, even though ye 're no sae wise!
15. Taking a lot of interest, and it wouldn't take much more to make us furious!
16. This may be "shed," if thou findest thyself in the river.
17. You might be stuck with this, so be careful not to go *down* the drain!
18. Tepart from the topic: you 'll find she 's pretty fierce.
20. This is so nice and bright that you simply can't stop till the money is finished.
21. This may be quite like the original: that 's why the disguise is astute.
23. A name Henry VIII. gave to several. No wonder!
24. Rather unsuitable clothing for Sir James, don't you think?

Note.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Oct. 1, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published on page XVI) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

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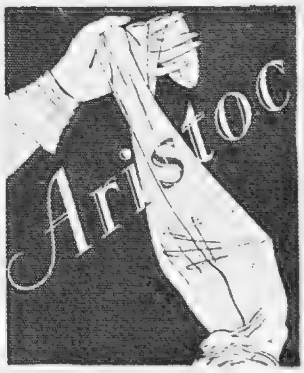

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"CAN'T get away from it," said The City Editor. "You can't—get—away from it."

"Who wants to get away from it?" asked The Jobber, rather indignantly. "It's what we can do with, just now. Maybe the bears don't like it, but——"

"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Bears?"

"They're old enough to know better. I have no sympathy for the bear brigade. Neither has anyone else. Unless he's a bear himself. And then it's different."

"I'm more afraid for the Big Black Bull. He will get caught in these new Kaffirs, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Then you had better buy a single ticket to the Hague straight away, and take out letters of naturalisation when you get there. Because all these new Kaffirs, as you call them, are likely to go better."

"Can't see why they should."

"For the simple reason," replied The Broker, with exemplary patience, "that people are ready to speculate; are anxious to speculate, and are well enough off to do so."

Fred May pillories some distinguished ***MEN OF ASSURANCE.*** ***MR. H. O. LEACH*** *is General Manager of the British Department of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, in London.*

"But the merits——"

"They will be disclosed later."

"Giving yourself airs, aren't you?" said The City Editor.

"Now, look here," interrupted The Engineer. "Listen to me for one second. I bought some things called Lydenburg Platinums on a tip in *The Sketch*. Gave a couple of bob for them. They went down directly afterwards——"

"They always do."

"And I thought what a fool I was to buy rubbish of that sort."

"So you were," The City Editor confirmed. "But aren't they the things that——"

"They are. One day they were unsaleable at one-and-ninepence, and the day after I was bid three-and-six for them."

"Then *The Sketch* wasn't so far out, after all?"

"There you are, you see. It may have been an absolute fluke——"

He looked round very carefully indeed, but every face was as impassive as the Home Railway Market.

"It shows you, though, that you can't write off any tip as being an entire impossibility."

"What's the latest?" asked The City Editor.

"War Loan," replied The Broker.

"Brazilian Bonds have had a big rise since I——"

"Jobbing backwards. And that's not done here, you know. Answer the question, Sir. What's the latest?"

"Klip Nigel, Rand Leases——"

"Same stable, aren't they?"

"None the worse for that. It turns out some good things."

"Your old West Wits. don't seem to have much life in them."

"They will come all right by and by. Ventersposts are the stuff for breeches, too. The West Wits. baby, you know."

"I believe in these Kaffirs, I must say. Can't make out why Tank. preference don't move."

"They've gone up a bit——"

"Not as much as you'd think they ought. My idea is that we shall see them half a crown higher. Only they're such a rotten market."

The ***VERY REVEREND DEAN W. FOXLEY NORRIS*** *(Dean of Westminster) is a Director of the Ecclesiastical Insurance.*

"Too many of 'em about, my boy. When the shares get settled into permanent hands, you'll have the price up to a pound."

"Talking about flukes," said The Merchant, "that wasn't such a bad one when you told me to sell Nundydroogs and buy Champion Reefs with the money."

"Fluke?" exclaimed The Broker. "Well, I'm blessed! Aren't you the illimitable limit? Why, I——"

"Nundys. have dropped five shillings, and Champions are up three."

"What a marvellous memory!" snorted The Broker.

"I only know because I happened to act on your advice."

"So you did, and gave me the order. Sorry. Your memory's better than mine. Did you buy a new car out of the profit?"

"Wish I'd bought Austin shares, or Rolls-Royce. Why didn't you make me?"

"There are a tremendous number of new cars on the road. Have you noticed, by the way, how quiet the West End is soon after eleven at night? No hooting; it makes all the difference."

"I reckon it has increased the danger, and very considerably," declared The Jobber. "The only advantage I can see is that it makes for slimming."

"Traffic control as an aid to figure control, what?"

MR. W. H. BROWN *is Chairman and Joint Managing-Director of the London and Manchester Assurance Company.*

MR. W. A. WORKMAN *is General Manager of the Legal and General Assurance Company.*

"That's it. If you're not quick, you're dead. And very quickly dead, too."

"You are bound to have a new car nowadays," said The City Editor. "There's no getting out of it."

"Once in, you're there for life? You're quite right about a new car, though. Bound, as you say, to have one: sooner or later. So why not sooner?"

"That's uncommonly like offering the stock," The Jobber warned him. "Isn't this the wrong time of year to buy a car?"

The Engineer laughed. "It doesn't seem to be," said he, "considering the number of people who are doing it. As a matter of fact, there are several good reasons for buying one now."

"A lady friend of mine made quite a nice profit in dealing with a bucket-shop," remarked The Merchant. "About a hundred pounds, it was. She was an awful bull of herself until the settling-day came. And then the dirty dogs wouldn't pay."

"Why not?"

"Said they'd plead the Gaming Act if she took legal proceedings. And practically told her that, as she hadn't got a leg to stand upon, it would be useless for her to start kicking."

"Is she going for them?"

"Her lawyers have taken up the matter, and unless she receives the money they are going to place the whole thing in the hands of the police and the Public Prosecutor."

"It just shows you what some of these blighters will stoop to, rather than pay. People ought to insist upon having their accounts settled."

"People ought to insist upon not dealing with tricky Gaming Act pleaders."

"There are plenty of them about. My wife gets circulars every day. And last week a big car rolled up to my house, a man in top-hat, white spats, and striped trousers got out, asked for my wife by name——"

"I know," interrupted The Jobber. "He was the co-respondent. Isn't that right?"

"He was some share-seller, my boy, and he had her name from one of the Somerset House lists. Must have done, because he tried to persuade her into selling Tobacco shares and to buy some mining ramp whose name I'd never heard of."

"Some of these devils will telephone and wire and absolutely refuse to take 'No' as a final answer. You've got to be mighty careful these days. They attack our Colonists, too, you know."

MR. F. H. C. TALLACK *is City Manager of the Commercial Union Assurance Company.*

"That's the worst of rising markets. They always attract a swarm of swindlers."

"I've got a few things that haven't risen," said The Merchant. "And they don't stand much of a chance, so far as I can see."

"Cheer up, my Dismal Desmond. Every dog has his day——"

"When are my Greyhounds likely to get theirs?"

"That's a nasty one. You will have to wait a bit there. But don't you worry overmuch about anything. You can see for yourself how one market after another, and one share after another in that market, is taken in hand and given a run. It's only a matter for exercise of patience."

"Believe you're not far wrong, Brokie, after all," and The Jobber unlatched the door. "I shall reopen my bull position in Hope, and start a current account in the Bank of Faith. And I shall give money for the call of Charity."

"Right you are," replied The Broker affably. "And I will take it. How much have you got?"

Friday, Sept. 21, 1934.

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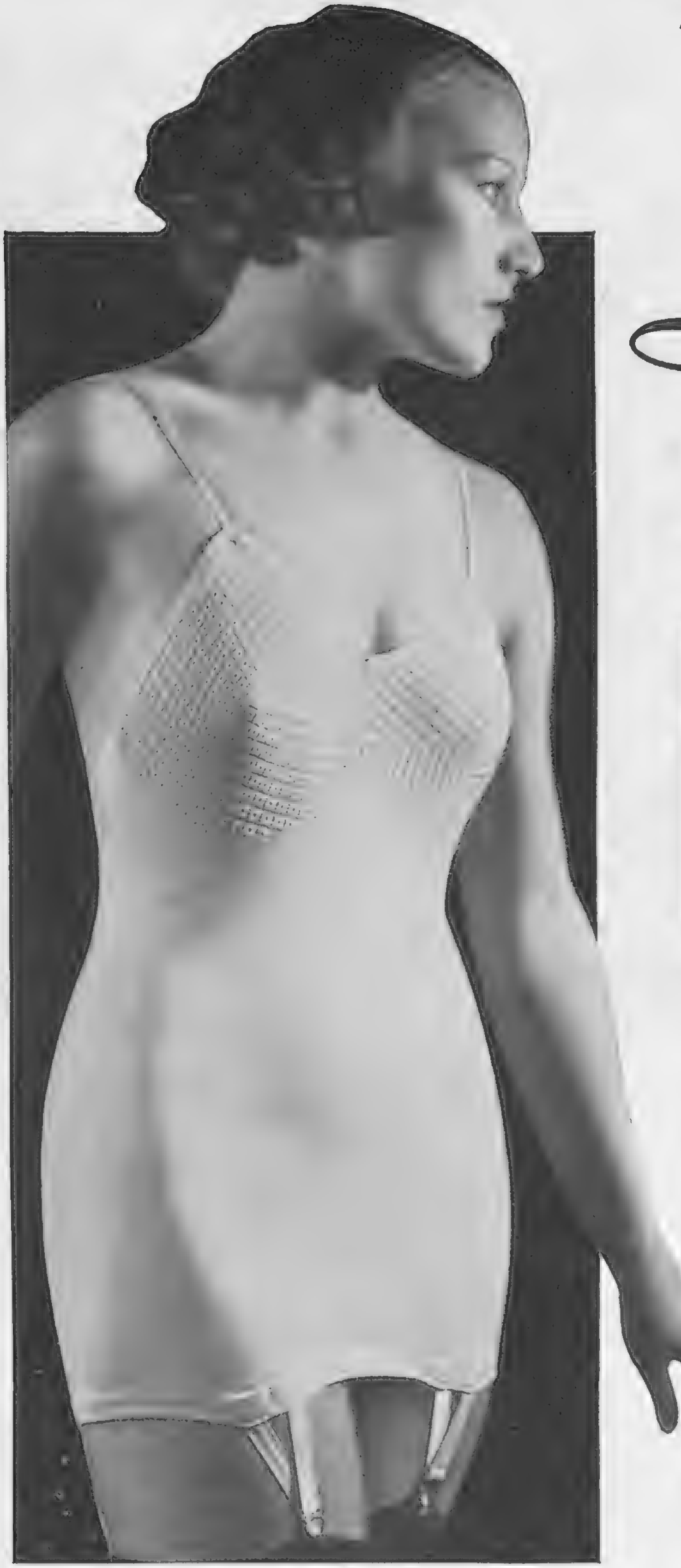

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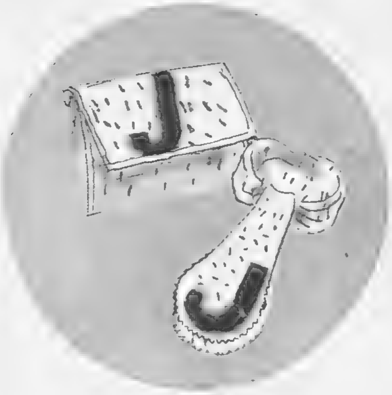

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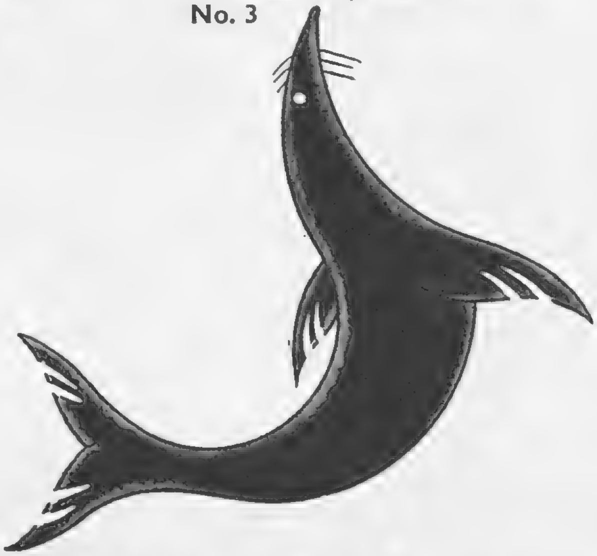

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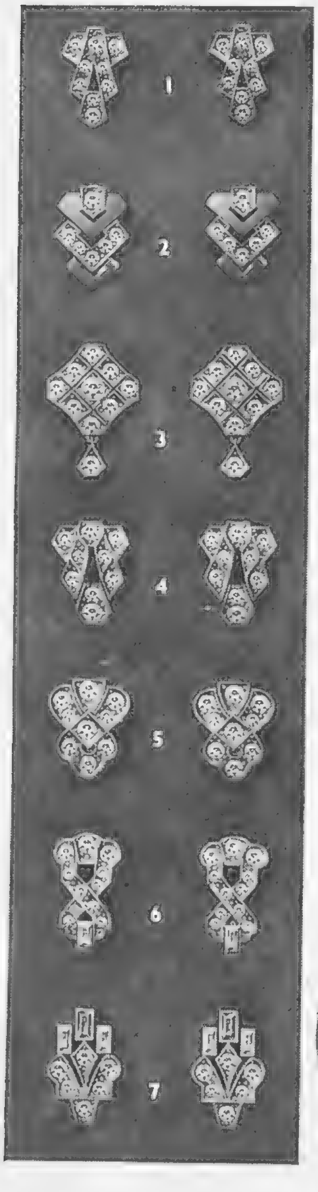

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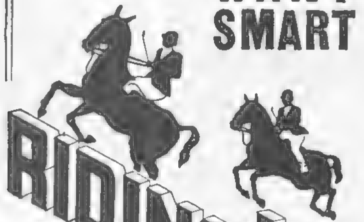

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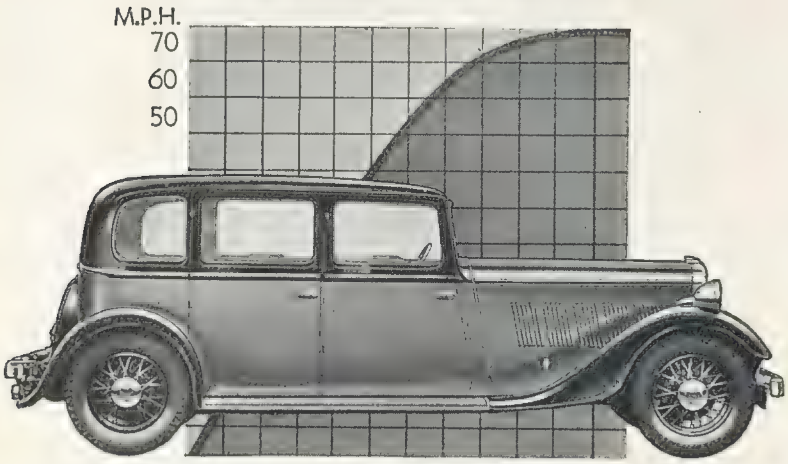

Built to the same high ideals of Quality and Performance as their predecessors, the Rover 1935 models are away to a literally flying start. Read the result of the first independent Road Test carried out by "The Motor" and reported in the issue of 14.8.34.

ACCELERATION	ROVER 10	ROVER 14
from standstill to 50 m.p.h.	19-2/5 secs.	17-1/2 secs.
SPEED - - -	66.7 m.p.h.	69 m.p.h.
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(a road test of the new Rover 12 will appear shortly)

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

HERE I am, still at St. Andrews, writing on a warm, sunny September afternoon. A Sabbath silence is over all, which the bees, busy among the flowers of the balmy garden close in which I am sitting, serve only to make more peaceful and quiet. The swallows, alas! are congregating in blue, white and russet platoons on the telegraph wires hard by, discussing the journey overseas that they will be making before many hours are past. The fall of the year is at hand, the Calcutta Cup has been won, and another week in the festival month of the Royal and Ancient Club is over. It has been a great success, firstly because, once again, the handicapping committee has shown an uncanny insight into the qualities and shortcomings of the members engaged; and secondly, because the Cup has been gained by Bernard Darwin, the captain-elect, and his young partner, Tom Blackwell, the son of Geoffrey of that ilk—one of the mainstays of the Ashridge Park Club, of which Harry Rosebery is President.

Hats Off to Darwin and Blackwell.

All through the tournament, these two played sound and match-winning golf, for the slips they made—and they did make some—were more than counter-balanced by the mistakes of their opponents. In the semi-final round, played in a thick easterly haar, against Captain Greville Stevens, now a really fine, accomplished golfer, and Lieut.-Col. John Inglis, whom they were playing on level terms, they had a rare fright. Stevens and Inglis, in spite of some unkind rubs-on-the-green, were two up and five to play. Then came the crucial hole. For once, Stevens failed at an eight-foot putt that, had it been holed, would have put his side in the commanding position of three up and four to play. Inglis, misled by the mist, overshot the 15th green with his second, and topped his tee shot to the long 16th, so that was all square. To the 17th, Inglis fluffed his second, and Darwin and Blackwell won it to be dormy. To the long last hole Blackwell played a wonderful pitch-and-run that left his ball at the hole side, and that was the end of Stevens and Inglis.

MISS JOYCE WETHERED off the links at North Berwick. The ex-golf champion is telling a story to little DESMOND O'BRIEN, nephew of the Earl of Haddington, and LADY ELIZABETH LAMBART, whose mother, LADY CAVAN, is next to her. MISS DAPHNE MULHOLLAND is sitting on the right.

The Final Round.

In the final round, Darwin and Blackwell met L. G. O. Huchison, who now plays most of his golf at Aldeburgh, that beautiful Suffolk course, and W. G. N. Walker, a local player who lives at lovely St. Fort. Huchison and Walker received one stroke, taken at the long eighth hole, of which the green—tucked away in a big amphitheatre backing on to the Eden, is reached through a narrow gap in the bent-covered sandhills. At that hole, Bernard ran down " a long steal " for a four and a half, and after some give and take play, he and Blackwell were two up with six to play. Then they made sad mistakes at each of the next three holes, and Huchison and Walker, seizing their opportunities, won all three, to change, as it seemed, the whole complexion of the match. But not a bit of it. At the long 16th, Walker was left with a very difficult shot, which he decided to pitch, and fluffed in the attempt to do so. He and his partner made a sad mess of the 17th, and became one down with one to play, and Darwin and Blackwell, making certain of the necessary half at the last hole, emerged successfully, if a little shattered under the strain.

A Scottish Triumph.

Meanwhile, Scotland was winning another triumph to supplement their victory in the International matches. This time it was an individual success, for young Hector Thomson beat Harry Bentley in the final of the Irish Open Championship at Portmarnock. Good and experienced golfers have had their eye on Thomson these many months. One of them, an Englishman, and a selector for the Walker Cup team, stressed Thomson's prowess when our team was being chosen; but others, a Scot in particular, advanced counter-arguments, chiefly on supposed weaknesses in style, with what results we remember all too vividly. Anyhow, Thomson has now proved himself, and it was not a little curious as well as interesting, that a letter was received in St. Andrews on the very morning of Thomson's success, from a great Irish golfer watching the play at Portmarnock, which contained the following opinion: " Unless Thomson develops some weakness of which I have so far seen no sign, he must win. I think he is definitely the best golfer here." Scotland has now a wonderful team of young amateurs, well worthy of the days of Tait, Graham, Laidlay, Balfour-Melville, Maxwell, Cecil Hutchison, Ted Blackwell, and Robert Harris.

A Lovely Cup.

And here is another aspect of the Royal and Ancient game. Soon after I arrived here, my friend John Young, who presides over the garden to which I have alluded, showed me a lovely silver cup, now a challenge trophy of the Kingsbarns Club, a little nine-holes course close by, overlooking the North Sea. On it, of which he is the holder, is the following inscription: " Presented by the Members of the Kingsbarns Golfing Society to the Right Honbl Thomas Ninth Earl of Kellie, in testimony of Respect for his General Character as a Nobleman, Gentleman, Landlord and Neighbour, and more especially in acknowledgment of and gratitude for his literal kindness in having (since the establishment of the Society in 1815) granted the Use of His Links for the Exercise of its Members, and erected in 1826 a Dining Hall for their Accommodation." The early history of the society is not clear, but a minute of the Crail Golfing Society, dated Sept. 4, 1793, speaks of Kingsbarns as a going concern with a recognised uniform of its own. Now, after a long lapse, it is again a going concern full of life and keenness.

*The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** News; Every Friday.*

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

It is a sign that prosperous times are on the way when the designer at a motor-car factory is "given his head" and allowed to produce something strikingly new. The designer at Talbot's is the chief engineer, Georges Roesch, a lovable genius from Geneva. Like most men with more than the average amount of brains, he is rather temperamental. He frets under repression, as when economic conditions do not make the introduction of a new model desirable. But when he can really bring into the world the children of his imagination, he is supremely happy. He *must* create; if he is held back for too long, one begins to fear an explosion. Anyway, a lot of the ideas that have been developing in that clever brain of his are now capitalised in a lovely new series of Talbots, including a brand-new Airline saloon with a 3½-litre engine, which is said to be capable of something like 100 m.p.h.

The latest HILLMAN 20-70-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SALOON is priced at £269. These 1935 models embody many notable improvements, especially in connection with appearance.

At the present time the transmission question looms largely in the minds of automobile engineers. Roughly speaking, there is the Synchromesh school and the Pre-selector school. Individual designers modify and sometimes improve on these two basic systems to suit the cars they build. Talbot's have had Wilson-type pre-selector gears on some models for about two years, but, in common with other well-known engineers, Mr. Roesch was not satisfied with the stark simplicity of the Wilson box coupled direct to the engine. So now he has produced an automatic clutch of the centrifugal type, consisting mainly of two brake-shoes in a finned drum that replaces the flywheel. At ticking-over speeds—up to 400 r.p.m.—the clutch is perfectly "free." When the engine is speeded-up it comes gradually into engagement, until at 900 r.p.m. the drive is "solid." Driving a car fitted with this clutch is, in many ways, similar to handling one with a fluid transmission. In other words, there is no need to declutch in a traffic stop, and (if one is not in a hurry) one can get going again simply by accelerating the engine, even in top gear; but obviously with a "self-change" box there is no reason or excuse for doing so.

Mr. Roesch's other inspiration enables the driver to change up without touching the gear-lever! Starting from rest, with the first gear pre-selected, each upward change is made simply by depressing the gear-changing pedal. It is only when changing down that the lever under the steering-column need be moved. Just think what this means when making a quick get-away from a standstill! Apart from the automatic clutch and foot-operated upward gear-change, the only departure from previous Talbot practice is the use of a new and much lower frame for certain models. The new chassis is a full 3 in. lower than previously, which enables a still lower centre of gravity to be obtained. and lower and more graceful coachwork to be fitted. The new 3½-litre job has, of course,

[Continued overleaf.

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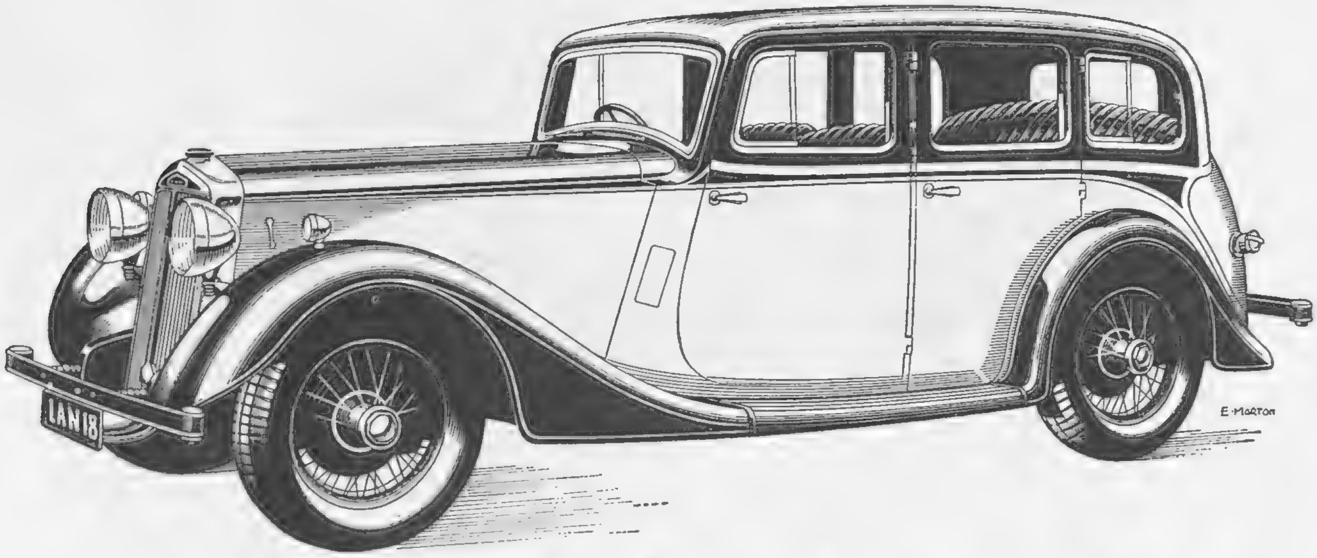

THE NEW Lanchester '18'

Is it to Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission that we owe the almost uncanny smoothness and silence of this car? Not altogether. There are other causes. There are the design and mounting of the engine, the devotion of the Daimler engineers and superiority of the materials they use, and their belief that the public expects a great deal of Daimler workmanship.

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'WINGHAM' CABRIOLET	(Model 322)	£695

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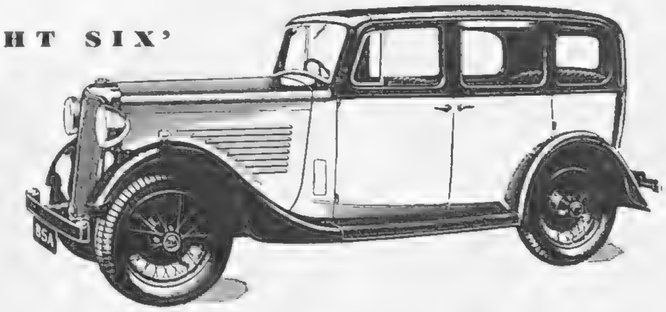
The B.S.A. '10' has proved itself in all conditions. It has 70 years of precision engineering experience behind it. This was the car that brought the blessings of Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission within nearly everyone's reach. *Here is its new and more powerful brother—a six-cylinder B.S.A.*—with an engine of similar design to the Lanchester '18'—an economical car to run (1935 tax, £9.0.0) and a brilliant performer.



SIX-LIGHT SALOON	(Model 107)	£315
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Triplex Glass throughout

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Continued.]
this dropped frame. The engine has a capacity of 3377·8 c.c., following generally the design of the well-tried "105" model. Shock-absorbers of the friction and hydraulic type are used both front and rear, the hydraulic shock-absorbers being controlled by a lever just below the steering-column. The wheelbase is 10 ft., and a $19\frac{1}{2}$-gallon petrol tank, automatic chassis lubrication, and permanent jacks are included in the specification. The engine of the new model is said to develop 120 b.h.p. at 4500 r.p.m.

The streamlined saloon body (known as the "Airline") on this chassis is extremely handsome and roomy, and there is plenty of room for the spare wheel and a certain amount of luggage in the sloping tail. The car costs, complete with all equipment, £850. Something quite new is the final drive of the new seven-seater limousine, which also costs £850. In order to get very low lines, a double reduction gear has been designed; the rear axle, therefore, is much lower than usual, being below the wheel centres, and the differential casing is about half the normal size, for the final reduction gear is housed in the rear brake-drums. Although this system is quite new as far as private cars are concerned, it has been used with success in the Talbot ambulances for some time. There is, of course, a very wide range of Talbot cars to choose from. The limousine and the $3\frac{1}{2}$-litre saloon are the most expensive models, the lowest-priced being the "65" Standard Saloon at £395.

This elegant sunshine-top 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE with a Barker body is seen on Portland Bill, at the end of the Chesil Beach.

Sunbeams can be described as first cousins to Talbots, and, when dealing with one make, one invariably is led on to thinking about the other. The Sunbeam people, too, have not been content with the plain, unvarnished pre-selective gear-box, for they have incorporated a single-plate clutch between the gear and the engine. When moving off from rest, the ordinary clutch takes up the drive instead of the contracting bands of the gear-box, thus giving a more consistently smooth get-away. The clutch requires extremely light pedal-pressure, which will be appreciated if much traffic driving is done. The only novelty, however, is in the connection between the clutch and the gear, whereby, when the latter is in neutral, the clutch is automatically disengaged, and no connection therefore exists between the engine and the gear-box. The "subterranean rumbling" that characterises so many gears of this type when the engine is ticking over, is thus entirely eliminated.

There is some very fine new coachwork to be seen on all the new Sunbeam models, and advantage has been taken of the reduced tax, which comes into force next year, to increase the engine capacity of the well-known "Twenty" from 2193 c.c. to 2762 c.c. It is obvious that the performance will be very much improved as a result. There is also a very attractive new model known as the "Twenty-one" Sports. This has striking coachwork of a semi-streamlined variety, with very thin screen-pillars, and sells at £825, with a synchromesh gear-box, and £860 with the pre-selective gear. The 1935 tax will be £15 15s. The Sunbeam "Dawn," a four-cylinder which runs as smoothly as any "six," was, of course, introduced in order to provide a car at a lower price for the "Sunbeam class" of motorist. With many improvements the new saloon costs £425.

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The famous Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress and Vibase Mattress Support make the world's greatest combination for perfect rest. The "Vibase" is specially designed to give adequate support to the small springs in the "Vi-Spring" Mattress. It gives a supporting surface over the whole of its area. The efficiency of the "Vibase" is evident when compared with the open spring supports, which, owing to their large open spaces are obviously unsuitable for use with spring interior overlay Mattresses.

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The Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress is made by hand throughout. Unlike the cheap mattress the "Vi-Spring" will last and last, never sagging, but always retaining that soft resilience which is absolutely essential to real restful sleep. For more than thirty years the "Vi-Spring" has been unapproached for comfort. It is the mattress chosen by the World's largest Steamship Companies and London's leading luxury Hotels. Sleep on a "Vi-Spring"—the best for rest.

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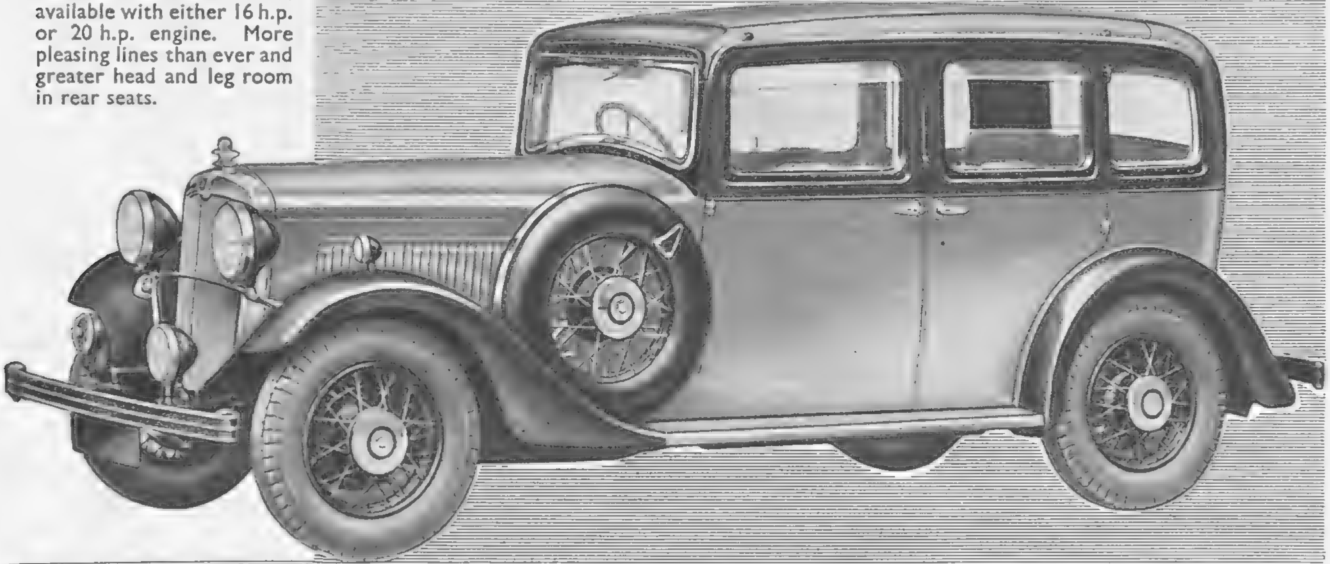

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(See page 616.) 26/9/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXXII.

THIS VULNERABILITY!

IT is the privilege of a writer who finds fault with cherished and accepted principles to be made the object of ridicule and sarcasm. Having upset practically every single one of the approved conventions for bridge play (and, incidentally, having in course of time been "found correct"), I have enjoyed more of this satirical backbiting than probably any other writer on the game. It did not surprise me, therefore, to find many paper shots fired at me for confessing my ignorance about this vulnerability business, and for asking why, if vulnerable, you bid one diamond; but if not vulnerable, one no-trump on the same cards. In reply, I was asked such questions as "Did I know that penalties vary with the game score?" "Had I ever done business with Lloyds?" "Had I insured my life?" and so on. The answer is in the affirmative, but I fail to see that that gets us much forrarder with the subject of opening the bidding when vulnerable. It just proves that my cynical correspondents don't know what they are talking about, for there is no connection between my conundrum and their questions at all. Had it been written, "Why, you fool, the reason is because an opening bid vulnerable discloses great strength; one no-trump greater strength; so partner is bound to support, and down you will go wallop if you hold but a non-vulnerable opening bid," I would have cried content—without being the least impressed. My card sense tells me that a contract opening is *either* a one-diamond or a one no-trump bid; whichever it is may be a matter of opinion, but it cannot be a variable affair depending on the game score; and if one no-trump indicates great strength (mind you, I am not saying that it does not or should not—at least, not now), then what right has a self-respecting bridge-player to make that bid without requisite strength merely because he is *not* vulnerable and will hit up against only minor troubles? Surely that is not a risk that would be written at Lloyds.

An opening bid is made on the expectation (*a*) that partner has his share of the adverse high cards; (*b*) that he has more than his share or a distribution that may fit. He may, of course, have neither—the later bidding will explain; but, provided the opening bid is a *good card risk*, no great harm will eventuate. In short, a sound opening bid is sound under all conditions, and in the lower bidding-levels the possible loss against possible gain does not vary with the state of the game score. I fear that here is yet another case of bridge-craft being abused. More on this subject next week: in the meantime, here are the complete hands in our last playing problem—

Spades—4, 3.
Hearts—4, 3, 2.
Clubs—3, 2.
Diamonds—Q, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.

B

Spades—K, 9, 8.
Hearts—K, Q, Kn, 9, 8.
Clubs—K, Q.
Diamonds—Kn, 3, 2.

Y Z

Spades—Q, Kn, 10, 7, 6.
Hearts—10, 7, 6.
Clubs—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7.
Diamonds—None.

A

Spades—A, 5, 2.
Hearts—A, 5.
Clubs—A, 6, 5, 4.
Diamonds—A, K, 10, 9.

Y dealt and bid one heart. B, no. Z, no. A, one no-trump. Y, two hearts. B, three diamonds. Z, no. A, three no-trumps.

Y led the king of hearts. A took and led the ace of diamonds. Z played the seven of spades! So A's diamonds must block dummy's! If he gives a diamond trick away, Y will run at least four hearts and save game. A sees he must get rid of a diamond somehow. He returned a heart, hoping Y had only four left, that he would immediately cash them in and give A the all-important discard of nine of diamonds. Well played! But Y also was a player, and said to himself: "Why is A being so kind? There must be a good reason." His partner's discard to the diamond trick made it clear; therefore, instead of obliging A by going on with his hearts, he led his king of spades on the assumption that Z's seven of spades was a call. A was done—he could only make seven tricks. Thus do *some* experts play in defence!

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 19.

Across.—1. Guitar. 5. Unaware. 10. Rotarian. 11. Scraper. 12. Saline. 13. Shikaree. 14. Deist. 15. Gluts. 16. Resorted. 20. Cypriots. 23. Shoes. 25. Paint. 26. Overturn. 29. Nobles. 30. Espouse. 31. Somerset. 32. Esteems. 33. Youths.

Down.—1. Grosser. 2. Italics. 3. Arena. 4. Riper. 5. Unsteady. 6. Abridger. 7. Weasel. 8. Rheostat. 9. Egrets. 17. Exhausts. 18. Rest-cure. 19. Echoless. 21. Oculist. 22. Sunsets. 23. Sphere. 24. Encore. 27. Enemy. 28. Rodeo.

MRS. RADCLIFFE, 14, Chadlington Road, Oxford, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of September 12 to be first opened on Monday morning, Sept. 17. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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A 20

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 616.)

appeared) were Miss Jekyll's most lasting monument; but their number (a full list is given at the end of the book) testify to the esteem in which her designs were held, and photographs bear out the claims made for them. Like Lord Torrington, Miss Jekyll did not hold with the indiscriminate introduction of Italian models into English gardens; she disliked the "bedding system" which followed it. In the middle of last century

> the hardy plants of the older generation were not thought worthy of cultivation and were banished, and even the smallest places must have their beds of tender plants put out for the summer months only. Happily a wholesome change again came about. . . .

a change for which, one gathers, Miss Jekyll, whose own lovely garden at Munstead early became a place of pilgrimage, was largely responsible.

Her Versatility. But it is not only as a gardener, a passionate addict of "the purest of human pleasures," that Miss Jekyll deserves to be remembered by posterity. She was a pioneer. Born in 1843, she died in her ninetieth year, and never did she "cease from mental strife" or allow her interest to slacken, or her interests to lose their hold. Her interests were as the sands of the sea; there was scarcely a single art and craft she did not practise and make headway in. She wrote books on gardening; she kept a diary (the record of her voyage in the Adriatic and among the Greek islands, made at the age of twenty, is particularly fascinating); and she had a marvellous gift of friendship which she never lost, though she admits (in 1919) that

> nothing, I am sorry to say, tires me as much as my dear fellow-creatures.

She achieved for herself a richness and freedom of personal life which other women were still striving for in the beginning of our century, and which in Victorian times was almost unknown. But she won her independence without the sacrifice of charm, or graciousness, or dignity. The energy of her nature, the instinct to engage herself in every human activity that had the creation of beauty for its object, demanded an outlet, and, finding it, opened for others as well as herself the way to self-expression.

Mr. Francis Jekyll has performed his pious task with skill, sympathy, discretion, and distinction. He clearly has a sense of the solemnity of the occasion—probably most people who came into contact with Miss Jekyll had it—but when, in matters of taste, his judgment differs from hers, he does not scruple to say so, and his general attitude of reverence is sometimes pleasantly lightened by a shaft of sly humour, perhaps a family trait, for Miss Jekyll, too, possessed it. Lady Jekyll's masterly little Introduction is a worthy tribute to the work and aims of this dauntless, versatile, and distinguished woman.

"Hordubal." "Hordubal" is the simplest story imaginable. A Czecho-Slovak peasant emigrates to America. After eight years he comes back to his native land, not, indeed, with a fortune—he had been robbed of 3000 dollars—but with enough money to make life on his old farm a very agreeable prospect. His reception is disappointing. His wife, Polana, is cold to him; his little daughter shy; and he finds that his wife's right-hand man, Stepan, is exerting an undue influence in the household—has, indeed, persuaded Polana to exchange agriculture for horse-breeding. He has done more than this, he has become Polana's lover; but Hordubal is long—perhaps unreasonably long—in suspecting it. Events move quickly. Stepan, ignominiously turned out of the farm by Hordubal, returns and murders him with a convenient bodkin. Much contradictory evidence is given in the trial, and the jury disagree as to Stepan's guilt: but that Polana was in league with him they have no doubt whatever. Mr. Karel Čapek tells the story in an interrogative and exclamatory style, nudging the reader in the ribs rather in the manner of Knut

[Continued overleaf.

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Continued.]

Hamsun. He lacks Hamsun's power and moral purpose, but he possesses something of his knowledge of human nature. "Hordubal" is a well-told story, and its primitive, full-blooded, Czecho-Slovak emotions are a pleasant change from the tired, lily-livered love-dramas of Western Europe.

"The Rock."

"The Rock" is a pageant play written "on behalf of the forty-five churches fund of the Diocese of London." It bears on its cover the name of Mr. T. S. Eliot—a name which fills the reader with the wildest hopes. Alas! they are not completely realised, for, as Mr. Eliot explains, this twentieth-century Masque is, in part, a collaboration: and some of his coadjutors, admirable as their work is, are scarcely of a calibre that fits them to run, even in multiple harness, with Mr. Eliot. The opening chorus, in which his hand is most apparent, is magnificent and soul-stirring. The note of grandeur returns at intervals, but in its entirety "The Rock" is less impressive. However, the various incidents illustrating the history of the Church are well chosen, the transitions are skilfully arranged, and the dialogue of the workmen—a little too farcical, perhaps, for its dignified context—is lively and vigorous and fresh.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Torrington Diaries. By the Hon. John Byng. Vol. I. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s. net.*)

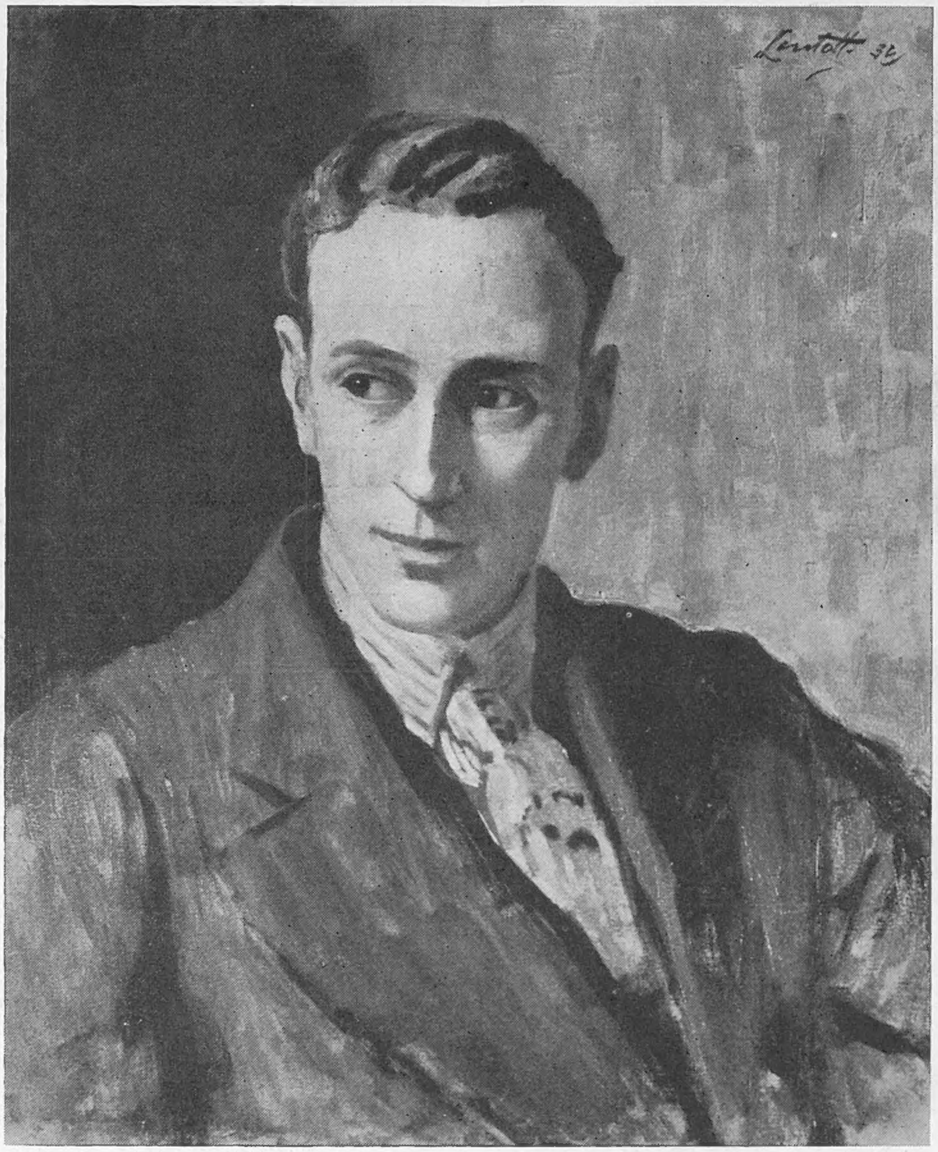
Gertrude Jekyll. A Memoir by Francis Jekyll. (*Cape; 10s. 6d.*)

Hordubal. By Karel Čapek. (*Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.*)

The Rock. A Pageant Play. By T. S. Eliot. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)

THE FEATHERS SHOOTS

A YEAR ago last January the Prince of Wales made a historic speech at the Albert Hall on unemployment. Soon after that speech had been delivered a small club for the unemployed was formed in North Kensington as a direct result. It was named the Feathers Club. Others have since been formed on the same lines. The membership is confined to men or women of little or no resources. Both clothes and food are provided at minimum prices. Various classes in useful crafts such as carpentry, shoemaking, dressmaking, cooking, and knitting, are organised for the members. All this is possible because of the generosity of the friends and supporters of the Club. The President is the Prince of Wales. In order to help the Club still further a special appeal is being made to sportsmen, particularly the owners or tenants of shoots. It is suggested that shooting men should enrol themselves as members of Feathers Shoots, each owner of a shoot to contribute a minimum subscription of £2 per season. Further, it is thought that shooting men who are not actually owners or tenants, but who do shoot whenever possible, will be glad to join as members, at a minimum subscription of 10s. We understand that a Feathers Club Badge will be issued to all owners, members, and keepers of enrolled shoots. Those who are interested should write to the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. L. Fleming, at 53, Stratton Street, London, S.W.1.



This clever portrait of MR. LESLIE HOWARD, the film actor who is taking the part of Sir Percy Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a new film now in course of production, is by Mr. E. Barnard Lintott. Mr. Lintott, who has painted many distinguished people, including Lady Diana Cooper and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, is holding a one-man show of portraits and other subjects at the Lefèvre Galleries, King Street, St. James's. The exhibition was due to open yesterday, September 25, and will continue until October 13.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Ian Hunter, Oriel Ross.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Colin Keith-Johnston as the hero.

"FAMILY AFFAIRS" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Family entanglements unravelled by Lilian Braithwaite, as a benevolent matriarch. The cast includes Athene Seyler and Jack Livesey.

"THE SHINING HOUR" (St. James's). 8.40.—Emotional drama in Yorkshire farmhouse. Acted with distinction by Raymond Massey, Gladys Cooper, Adrianne Allen.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" (Globe) 8.30.—Ivor Novello in his latest play; with Fay Compton, Edna Best, and Zena Dare.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Adelphi). 8.30.—Musical comedy with Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, etc.

"A MAN'S HOUSE" (New). 8.40.—John Drinkwater's play on a Jewish household at the coming of Christ. Well acted by Joyce Bland, Reginald Tate, etc.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.—Viola Tree, Reginald Purdell, and some crack dancers in a musical entertainment.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Amphibious comedy, with Laura La Plante, Clive Currie, etc.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"MOONLIGHT IS SILVER" (Queen's).—8.30.—Gertrude Lawrence with Douglas Fairbanks, jnr. and some good dialogue in Clemence Dane's new play.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"BLOSSOM TIME" (Regal).—For the magic of Herr Tauber's voice and Schubert's immortal music.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—George Arliss at his best.

"SING AS WE GO" (Plaza).—To Blackpool with Gracie Fields.

"NELL GWYN" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Sir Cedric Hardwicke's triumph in a lively historical romance.

"EVENSONG" (Tivoli).—Evelyn Laye and Fritz Kortner in the screen version of a famous novel.

"TREASURE ISLAND" (Empire).—Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, and a fine company in Stevenson's immortal classic.

"DR. MABUSE" (Academy).—Hypnotism and crime in a powerful German "thriller" directed by Fritz Lang.

"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" (Capitol).—Janet Gaynor plays the Cinderella game with Lew Ayres.

"THE SLUMP IS OVER!" (Curzon).—Light-hearted French "back-stage" comedy with Albert Prejean and Danielle Darrieux.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" (London Pavilion).—Douglas Fairbanks as the great lover in Alexander Korda's elaborate production.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"STINGAREE" (Rialto).—The romance of an outlaw and an opera singer, starring Richard Dix and Irene Dunn.

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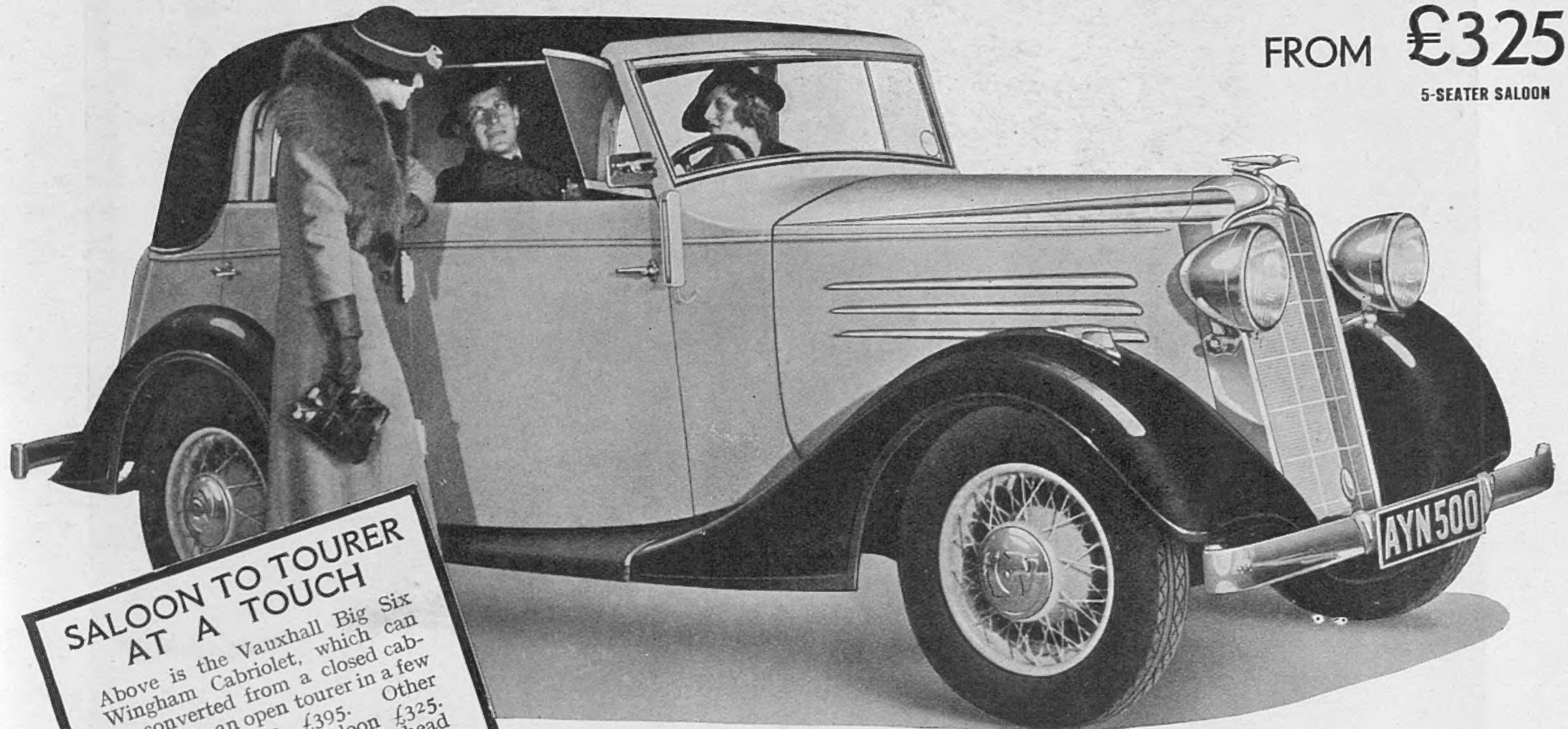

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Duggie: "What would you like me to do about it?"

Ethelred: "I thought that if I told you how much I intended to put on, and what odds I hoped to receive, you might pay me the money I should have won."

Duggie: "Ah-ha! I can see you have been reading my advertisements. Well, if you have such difficulty in getting ready you must certainly open an account with me. And in the meantime I shall be only too happy to settle this little matter. How much were you going to put on?"

Ethelred: "Everything I had—about £5,000."

Duggie: "And let me see, what was the starting price?"

Ethelred: "I don't know, but it's ten to one it was long odds."

Duggie: "Ten to one, did you say? Very well, I will let you have my cheque for £50,000. Will you deign to accept it?"

Ethelred: "Dane ! ! ! I never want to hear the word again . . . But I will accept, for believe me, I need the 'ready'. I really am *enthusiastic* about you and am *so* glad that I read your advertisements."

Duggie: "If you hadn't, we should have to call you 'Ethelredy the Unread' ! ! !

Joking apart, become an equally *enthusiastic* client yourself.

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